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André Malraux and the Gods

The Prendergast Exhibition

The Achievement of Ralph Rosenberg



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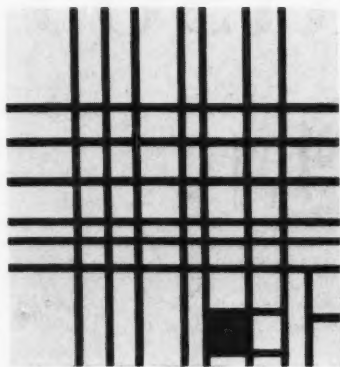
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Contributors

George Woodcock, a frequent contributor, is currently at work on a critical study of the twentieth-century French novel; it will include a chapter on André Malraux, whose latest book, *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, he discusses this month.

Creighton Gilbert is currently traveling in Europe; his "Classics" column this month was sent from Berlin. On his return to America, Mr. Gilbert will write on the loan exhibition of Italian drawings at the National Gallery in Washington.

Leslie Katz is well known to readers of ARTS for his essays on Eakins, Homer, Seurat and other painters. His long essay on "The World of The Eight" appeared in *Arts Yearbook 1*, and this month he returns to the subject of

one of this group, Maurice Prendergast, on the occasion of the retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

Martica Sawin, who contributes an evaluation of Ralph Rosenborg's *oeuvre*, has been a critic of the New York scene for several years. Her previous contributions to ARTS have included major appreciations of the painters Jan Müller and Hyde Solomon.

Annette Michelson returns to her coverage of the Paris art scene after a summer in New York. A resident of the French capital for the past decade, Miss Michelson has translated Sartre's *Literary and Philosophical Essays* (Criterion Books) and other works on literature and art.

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On the Cover

Maurice B. Prendergast, *The Spanish Steps, Rome* (monotype, c. 1898); collection Miss Leona E. Prasse. See Leslie Katz's "The Centenary of Maurice Prendergast," pages 34-39.

Forthcoming

Sidney Geist writes on the work of a young American sculptor, Mark di Suvero, who has made his first appearance on the New York art scene this fall . . . **Reyner Banham** states the case for the revaluation of Futurism as a seminal movement of contemporary sensibility . . . **Donald Sutherland** writes on Paul Valéry as a critic of modern painting . . . articles by **Clement Greenberg**, **Paul Goodman**, **Joseph C. Sloane**, **Alfred Werner**, **Creighton Gilbert** and **Annette Michelson**.

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LETTERS

Constructing the Absolute

To the Editor:

Mr. Henry Steig's protesting letter in the September issue on "Constructing the Absolute" [May] bears out my unhappy anticipation that Hilton Kramer's undue emphasis on the manufactured enamel painting experiment in my book on Moholy-Nagy would distort the Constructivist issue. All extremes are as ridiculous as they are necessary, and future students of art history will surely put Pollock's dripping-can ritual in the same category as Moholy-Nagy's painting by telephone. Both represent extremes of abstract painting, and both served well to set the outer limits of a new approach. This is borne out by the historical evidence that Moholy-Nagy never repeated the "telephone pictures," and that Pollock had for some time stopped painting in the above method by the time he died.

But beyond the purely didactic intention of the telephone pictures (which makes their place in the Kramer critique so unfortunate), I would like to take issue with Mr. Steig's contention that it is "nonsense to claim that changing the size of a composition alters its density and space relationships." The action paintings of today are the most immediate counter proof that comes to mind. In fact, it is embarrassing to have to speak of such an elementary law of composition. A six-by-nine-foot Rothko, Kline or what have you, reduced to two by three feet, becomes an accidental color splotch, because the space relationships between the color fields have been usurped by excessive density; or, to speak of academic painting, it comes as a surprise, almost a shock, to be confronted in the National Gallery with the six-by-four-foot size of El Greco's *Virgin with St. Inês*, seeing it acquire space and variable color densities which are absent in the usual postcard-size reproductions. We in architecture are intensely aware of the transformative power of sheer size in a building, and there are those irreverent souls who believe that the compositional impact of the UN Secretariat or the Seagram Building is purely a matter of proportion and diffused density, without which a single bay would look like a bathroom window.

Finally, Mr. Steig claims that no one ever held "faith in the pictorial absolute," a faith which accordingly cannot get lost, as Mr. Kramer has asserted in his "Constructing the Absolute." Search for aesthetic absolutes, in painting, sculpture and architectural composition, is as old as man's belief in the teachability of the arts. From the ideal proportions of Polyclitus' Doryphorus to Vantongerloo's "space established by volume relationships, verified by geometry," so ably presented in Charmion von Wiegand's article [September] in ARTS; from Plato's equation of the aesthetic absolute with the morally good to Mondrian's equation of pure space-form relationships to man's liberation from materialism, and from Vitruvius and Alberti as formula seekers of the architectural absolute to Le Corbusier's Modulor, "faith in the pictorial absolute" has been a constant hope and an equally constant despair of creative man. To ignore it is to ignore history.

Mr. Steig reacts with indignation at the possibility that the self-identification of unsublimated ego-painting might be termed neurotic. This, of course, is a matter of opinion. But short of the 1950's, men throughout history considered it a sign of achieved maturity when their personal identity had been absorbed by the larger context of an idea.

SIBYL MOHOLY-NAGY
New York City

"Young America 1960"

To the Editor:

I wish to extend my congratulations on Mr. Kramer's forthright remarks ["Month in Review," October] on the Whitney Museum's "Young America 1960" exhibition. The show communicates only a sense of confusion and muddle. I myself feel that an exhibition surveying the current scene should be a clarification—even interpretation, if you will. The directors of the show apparently felt it should be a "reflection"—but instead of a plate-glass mirror they used a fun-house glass from the Palisades. A pity they couldn't bring in a bit more of the Palisades décor, which would certainly be an improvement on the Whitney's setting.

F. J. KROGER
New York City

To the Editor:

Your review of the current Whitney show is the finale. After more than fifteen years ARTS and I part company. You won't care. But it would be so wonderful to have at least one magazine somewhere with intelligent art criticism.

ANTHONY TONEY
Katonah, New York

To the Editor:

Mr. Kramer's criticism of the Whitney's "Young America" show is penetrating and, I'm afraid, correct in its evaluation. But he dyes his villains too dark when he asks, "Can one feel anything but contempt for a museum that has approached its basic obligations in so cavalier a fashion?" Further, this exhibition is hardly the arena for such an epic struggle as Mr. Kramer presents; I cannot believe that any particular artist participating in the show "stands a good chance of being permanently damaged as a result."

A. DONALD HOFFMAN
New York City

The Venice Biennale

To the Editor:

Sidney Tillim certainly covered a lot of ground in his article on the Venice Biennale [October]. It was a well-paced and interesting piece. I particularly liked his remarks on the "habits of sum-mitry" having entered the field of art. Perhaps it's time for a full-scale piece on the coincidence of culture and diplomacy. It may not be anything new (Renaissance princes found artists useful for one service or another), but it may be something a little different.

RONALD ELIOT
Boston, Massachusetts

Rescue Operation

To the Editor:

I wish to thank you for publishing my letter in the May issue concerning the violation of my sculpture *17 H's*. Since my position became known, all parties concerned have co-operated in permitting me to repurchase the work. I am restoring the six coats of paint, and the work will now belong to both my daughters, Rebecca and Candida.

DAVID SMITH
Bolton Landing, New York

Georges Vantongerloo

To the Editor:

It may interest the readers of Charmion von Wiegand's "Georges Vantongerloo" [September] to know that in 1948 we published in our "Problems of Contemporary Art" series a book by Georges Vantongerloo entitled *Paintings, Sculpture, Reflections*, consisting of writings which he himself selected, together with about fifty illustrations of his work. This volume is still in print.

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FRENCH AND OTHER PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS by Constantin Guys, Raoul Dufy, Camille Bombois, nine watercolors by Diego Rivera, a crayon and watercolor by Juan Gris and works by Jean Dufy, Moise Kisling, Dietz Edzard and other artists.

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AUCTIONS



The Triumph of Virtue (c. 1515); Touraine tapestry in Taylor sale at Parke-Bernet.

Taylor Collection at Parke-Bernet

THE well-known collection of the late Myron C. Taylor will be sold at auction this month at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York. After an initial series of sessions in the first week of November, Part II in the Taylor sale will bring the most precious treasures of the collection before the bidding public on the afternoons of November 11 and 12.

Outstanding in Part II are the Gothic and Renaissance sculptures, which include a fifteenth-century Spanish alabaster altarpiece, a fifteenth-century French limestone statuette of St. Catherine, an important glazed terra-cotta lunette with the figure of the archangel Michael by Andrea della Robbia, and a white-glazed statue of St. John by Giovanni della Robbia. Eleven remarkable Gothic tapestries includes three Touraine examples (c. 1515), *The Triumph of Knowledge*, *The Triumph of Virtue* and *The Marriage of Peace and Love*; a large Brussels tapestry, *The Story of Tyndareus*; and a magnificent Tournai millefleurs armorial work (c. 1495). Also notable is the French and Italian furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Rare Oriental and Spanish rugs of the sixteenth and seven-

teenth centuries feature two superb Northwest Persian medallion carpets, two Ispahan (Herat) rugs, and a Northwest Persian hunting carpet, exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Paintings include Goya's *Majo in Red Cloak*, a superb Aragonese fifteenth-century altarpiece with six panels, and many others.

Part II of the Myron C. Taylor collection will be on public exhibition at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Avenue, from November 5.

Important Sale of Moderns in London

IN SOTHEBY'S sale of October 12, presenting fifty-one works by Picasso, Braque, Gris, Modigliani, Rouault and Soutine, the highest price was fetched by an early Picasso, his 1902 *Femme Accroupie*, which brought £48,000, or \$134,400. A 1946 Braque, *La Femme au Miroir*, brought £42,000; Modigliani's 1916 *Portrait du Sculpteur Oscar Miestchaninoff*, £38,000; Picasso's 1901 *La Gommeuse* and his 1909 *Femme Assise dans un Fauteuil*, each £30,000. Other notable prices were brought by Picasso's 1938 *L'Homme au Gant Rouge*, £26,000, and Modigliani's 1919 *Portrait de Madame Lunia Czechowska*, £22,000.

The works in the Sotheby sale were the property of Jacques Sarlie and the Jacques Sarlie Foundation, New York. The total realized in the sale was £429,700, or \$1,203,160.

Degas Brings \$65,000 in New York Sale

DEGAS's pastel *Trois Jockeys*, formerly in the collections of Ambroise Vollard, Esther Slater Kerrigan and Lee A. Ault, was auctioned for \$65,000 in an evening sale at Parke-Bernet on October 26. The work was one of more than a hundred paintings and sculptures from the collections of Mrs. Gladys Lloyd Robinson and other owners in this country and abroad. A total of \$502,360 was realized in the sale.

Modigliani's *Boy in a Green Suit*, from the Robinson collection, brought \$57,500. Pissarro's *The Port of Dieppe* and Rouault's *Potentate: Pierrot* each brought \$35,000. Brancusi's *Two Penguins*, in white marble, was sold for \$32,500. A major pastel by Vuillard, *La Loge*, brought \$31,000, and Vlaminck's *Hôtel du Laboureur, Rueil-la-Gadalière*, \$22,000. A Boudin, his *Boats at Dieppe*, was purchased for \$14,000.

AUCTION CALENDAR

November 3, 4 & 5, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The Myron C. Taylor art collection, Part I. English and American furniture, Stuart stumpwork and needlepoint, Oriental Lowestoft and other porcelains, Stuart and Georgian silver, paintings, Oriental rugs. Exhibition now.

November 11 & 12, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The Myron C. Taylor art collection, Part II. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from November 5.

November 15, at 1:45 and 8:00 p.m.; **November 16**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The autograph collection of the late Dr. Max Thorek, Chicago. The sale features five centuries of manuscripts by eminent figures, from Lucretia Borgia through Cagliostro to Lincoln. Exhibition from November 5.

November 17, at 1:45 p.m.; **November 18**, at 10:15 a.m. and 1:45 p.m.; **November 19**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. American and English furniture, early-American glass, decorative objects, the estate of the late Marguerite A. Keasbey, Philadelphia, and from other owners. Exhibition from November 12.

November 23, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Liquidation of stock of Whitbread and Ulmer, New York rug dealers. The collections comprise some seventy antique rugs, both European and Oriental. Exhibition from November 18.

November 30, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern paintings, drawings and prints, the estate of the late Alvin Nisenson, Great Neck, Long Island, and from other owners. Included are works by Prendergast, Eilshemius, Childe Hassam and Grandma Moses, as well as by Diego Rivera, Jean Dufy, Juan Gris, Constantin Guys, Rodin, Othon Friesz and others. Exhibition from November 25.

December 1, 2 & 3, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The Joseph P. Levy collection of imported American furniture and silver. The majority of the pieces are eighteenth-century. Exhibition from November 26.

December 7 & 8, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Valuable precious-stone jewelry, estate of the late Edna Wallace Hopper, New York. Marguerite A. Keasbey, Philadelphia, and other owners. Exhibition from December 2.

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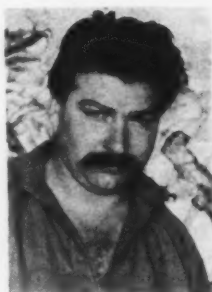
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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Karel Appel



Pierre Alechinsky



Frank Roth



Phillip A. Bruno

Karel Appel (above) of Holland has won the 1960 Guggenheim International Award of \$10,000. Noted for honorable mention were Franz Kline of the United States and Yoshishige Saitô of Japan.

In addition, national awards of \$1,000 went to the following: José Antonio Fernández-Muro of Argentina, Oskar Kokoschka of Austria, Paul Maas of Belgium, Maria Leontina of Brazil, the deceased Paul Emile Borduas of Canada, Emilio Hermansen of Chile, Fernando Botero of Colombia, Karel Soucek of Czechoslovakia, Aage Vogel-Jørgensen of Denmark, Salah Abdel Kérim and Salah Taher of Egypt, Léopold Survage of France, Ernst Wilhelm Nay of Germany, Spyros Vassiliou of Greece, Patrick Scott of Ireland, Afro Basaldella of Italy, Yoshishige Saitô of Japan, Karel Appel of the Netherlands, Eugeniusz Eibisch of Poland, Antonio Saura of Spain, Siri Derkert of Sweden, Varlin (Willy Guggenheim) of Switzerland, Zeki Faik Izer of Turkey, Irma Stern of the Union of South Africa, Jack Smith of the United Kingdom, Stuart Davis of the United States, Gabrijel Stupica of Yugoslavia. A \$1,000 extra-national award went to Rufino Tamayo.

The winning works, together with other candidate paintings, are currently on exhibition in New York at the Guggenheim Museum. The show has been designed and hung by Gordon B. Washburn, Director of Fine Arts at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

The Belgian artist Pierre Alechinsky (above) has been awarded top prize in the fifth international Hallmark Art Award competition, it has been announced by the Wildenstein Galleries in

New York. Other prize winners include the artists Nicholas Marsicano, Serge Charchoune, Sergio de Castro, Jane Freilicher and Achille Perilli. Prizes totaled some \$6,000. The jury comprised John Maxon, director of the Art Institute of Chicago; Brian Robertson, director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London; and James Johnson Sweeney, former director of the Guggenheim Museum.

The painter Frank Roth (above) has won the Chaloner Prize, a \$3,500 award granted to young painters and sculptors for study abroad. Established in 1890 by John Armstrong Chaloner, the award is administered by three trustees: the architect William Platt, the sculptor Lewis Iselin and the painter Olin Dows.

Phillip A. Bruno (above) is now codirector of the Staempfli Gallery in New York. Previously associated with World House Galleries, Borgenicht Gallery and Weyhe Gallery, Mr. Bruno has also held the post of director of American exhibitions at the La Napoule Art Foundation, New York and Cannes.

The 1960 Erasmus Prize of \$15,000 has been presented in Copenhagen to the artists Marc Chagall and Oskar Kokoschka. The Erasmus Foundation, established in 1958, annually awards prizes in recognition of contributions to the cultural unity of Europe.

Donald L. Weismann, of the University of Texas Art Department, won the \$500 top purchase prize at the second annual Exhibition of Southwest American Art in Oklahoma City. Stephen Magada, also of the University of Texas Art Department, won a \$350 purchase prize in the exhibition.

The appointment of Ralph R. Miller as director of the Museum of the City of New York has been announced by Dudley P. K. Wood, president. Mr. Miller, who succeeds K. Ross Toole, is an alumnus of Columbia University and is active in several museum associations.

Edmund Randolph Purves, executive director of the American Institute of Architects since 1949, will resign as staff chief of the national professional society at the end of the year. He will be succeeded by William H. Scheick, vice-president of the Timber Engineering Co. and former executive director of the Building Research Institute, National Academy of Sciences.

In the Berkshire Art Association's recent ninth annual exhibition, the top winners were Kenneth

Artists who are citizens or permanent residents of the United States are invited to submit entries for "Recent Paintings USA: The Figure," an exhibition to be held in the spring of 1962 at the Museum of Modern Art under the auspices of its Junior Council. The exhibition is intended to explore the particular aspect of recent American painting which reveals a renewed interest in the human figure. Only work done since January 1, 1958, is eligible, and all entries must be for sale. Initial selection will be made by photograph. Official entry cards must be postmarked no later than March 6, 1961. They may be obtained from the Junior Council Painting Exhibition, Museum of Modern Art, 21 West 53rd Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Davies, of Orange, Connecticut, and John C. Masia, of Adams, Massachusetts, who took two prizes apiece. Other winners included Henry Di-Spirito, of Utica, New York; John Massimino, of New Haven, Connecticut; E. Arnold Clark, of Great Barrington, Massachusetts; Harry Lane, of State Line, Massachusetts; Stanley Bate, of Caryville, New York; Alice Gross, of Larchmont, New York; and Frank A. Mutz, of Great Barrington, Massachusetts. The exhibition, selected from more than four hundred entries, comprised a hundred paintings and sculptures by eighty artists.

Dr. Martin Baldwin will retire from the directorship of the Art Gallery of Toronto in 1961. William John Withrow, who joined the Gallery in September as associate director, will succeed Dr. Baldwin.

The Greek-born artist Nikos Bel-Jon has been commissioned to execute a mosaic in metal for the lobby of the New Pfizer Building in New York City. The work will be fourteen feet high and thirty-six feet wide.

Benjamin Watkins, assistant professor of art at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, has been named acting curator of the newly established University Galleries there. The post will include management of a gallery made possible by a gift from Mr. and Mrs. John Russell Mitchell of Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

NEWS NOTES

The tercentenary of Velázquez's death will shortly be marked in Spain by an exhibition bringing together some 100 of the master's 120 surviving works. Extending from December 3 to February 25, the show will be presented in Madrid's La Casa del Buen Retiro, a structure which dates from the time of the artist.

Brandeis University, in Waltham, Massachusetts, has announced the establishment of the Poses Institute of Fine Arts, which will become the framework for a wide variety of academic and extracurricular activities in the area of the fine arts. The new Institute has been made possible by an initial grant of \$250,000 from Mr. and Mrs. Jack I. Poses of New York City.

The American Federation of Arts has bought a six-story building at 41 East 65th Street, Manhattan, which it will use as its permanent national headquarters. The building, erected in 1910, will be remodeled to include gallery space, executive offices, members' lounge and library, as well as offices that will be available to visiting directors of member museums. The purchase was made possible through gifts to the Federation of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob M. Kaplan, Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. List and Mr. and Mrs. Roy R. Neuberger.

OBITUARIES

The painter David Park died on September 20 at his home in Berkeley, California. He was forty-nine years old. He was born in Boston but since 1929 had lived in the San Francisco Bay Area, where during the late fifties he became the leader of a group of figurative painters.

The Austrian painter Hugo Noske has died in Vienna at the age of seventy-three. He was internationally known not only for his paintings, but for his numerous color woodcuts as well as his enamels.

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THE CLASSICS

"Local" and "eclectic" museums in Europe . . . Titian and Kline . . . new installations abroad . . . the Museum of Medieval Austrian Art . . .

En route from Vienna to Berlin.

ONE of the obvious ways of dividing museums into two kinds is to take those which collect the art of their own locality for the most part and those which are eclectic. Like all obvious distinctions, this gets interesting when it is explored and refined with a little detail. In America, speaking of art museums only and not of antique collections and anthropology, I suppose the only examples of museums of local art are some of those pleasant little foundations on the New England coast like Ogunquit, and no doubt some others elsewhere of purely local fame. In Europe, on the other hand, we are likely to overestimate the tendency for collections to be merely places where the locally produced objects dredge up. This has happened in Florence (though not even there exclusively), in Venice and in small cities everywhere from Seville to Delphi, but the casual mixture of much-traveled objects is the rule. As there are more Leonardos in Paris than in Florence, there are more Rubenses in Munich than in Antwerp, and more Titians in Madrid than in Venice—a fact to be remembered by nationalists who argue against the moving of their treasures to America. Before a Spaniard complains of the Grecos in America, he should decide whether he wants to send all the Titians back to Venice, and before a Venetian speaks of "exiled" masterpieces, he would do well to decide whether he would give up the four horses and the treasury of St. Mark's, stolen by his freebooter ancestors, to a Turkish government.

More seriously, we should all give more attention to the marvelousness of these accidental relics of old trading patterns. There are still a few people who haven't been to Madrid, though it is now so fashionable to go there, but I recommend everybody to buy a ticket at once for this reason, aside from all the others. We can learn from books how the works shipped there by Titian (who never made the trip) thereafter dazzled and

turned inside out the technical methods of Rubens (a casual visitor) as much as of Velázquez (a local). But we don't really know it until we see those spotty, pasty surfaces with their cloudy, intricate gleams. The fact that these pictures are unreproducible does not derive (this is a surprise) from their being colorful, like the sort of Titians we have seen elsewhere. In fact they are gray and more tonal than chromatic—except that the tone remains much in the interrelations of paint qualities and does not get fully translated into an imitation of atmosphere. All this is the beginning of process painting, of Monet and Kline; it doesn't go back further than that room in the Prado where we see the famous old man getting away with showing off his personal handwriting in response to imperial commissions for political documents. From this unlikely peninsular corner of Europe, it has filtered everywhere by every method, from the studios of the traveled masters to the reproductions in the art magazines.

Among its infinite variations is the American one of Pollock and friends. Today's traveler can also check on our own nationalistic cliché, the idea that action painting is "the first original American painting" (as other, now blessedly forgotten claims have asserted before). I think what troubles the art historian about this is that the emphasis on it can stimulate the artist to try to create a bit of art history rather than art; Motherwell shows this vividly. What the European scene suggests is neither originality nor copying, but a more normal situation: American painting is indeed different, but is simply a special case of a broad trend, which existed before, and has close relatives; it's like Flemish Renaissance or Spanish Baroque in relation to others. It is not having much of any influence. The central thread just now would seem to be the spot-on-the-wall style, as in the hugely admired Fautrier, the rich and haunting Bissier, the latest shift of Mathieu, and the Spanish group. In some of these in France, in Fautrier and Hartung, this general pattern goes back twenty-five years, long before the Americans, and was in its earlier phases more in the "New York" style than it is now.

ONE of the areas where we could learn fastest from the mixed-up art collections of Europe is in the matter of installations. It used to be that we did not consider European museums to be installed at all; they had been settled the way they were in 1890. I suppose only the Prado still is that way, as it is also unbelievably dark. (Nobody prepares you for that.) Everything else is shiny and new. It's the war, of course, when bombs hit a startling quantity of great art-museum buildings (the Alte Pinakothek in Munich, the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna, the Brera in Milan), but not entirely. In some cities where not only the museum but the whole town was untouched, the insides of galleries have been completely pulled out and done over. The Etruscan museum in Rome is the most famous instance, but the Museo Correr is the most startling. It has been done over twice, and the new version, as the director says half-apologetically, half-delightedly, is the peak of modernity, with cold white walls and five pictures in a gallery, set without frames at abrupt angles. All this is partly because of competition with the destroyed museums being done over, and partly because a lot of money is available for it from the government departments interested in tourists. We would do well to repeat over and over again, to European and to American authorities, that museum building funds are far richer in Europe than in America.

The new installations are in two styles, and here is the odd fact: the radical new installations are mainly in the museums that collect local art; the eclectic collections are far more traditional. Of course they don't divide up this way for this reason, or only indirectly so. The small places



Titian, *Jacopo de Strada*; collection Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

ARTS/November 1960

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THE CLASSICS

more involved about installation, the staff gives more of its time to the question, for the same reason the American museums do: they have less in the way of great works of art. This is where the switch comes in: the eclectic collections of America are presented, in the modernized instances, in the style of the non-eclectic museums of Europe. It would seem like a good idea for us, in case we get a chance to remodel, to have a look at the two European types, especially since the great eclectic collections of Europe are like ours in content, even if they are beyond comparison in quality.

In Venice, the little Correr, with everything scrubbed and antiseptic, is in contrast with the relaxed Academy. In Vienna we repeat: the little museum of local art, though housed in a monumental hall by the greatest architect of the eighteenth century—and filled with Late Gothic altarpieces with learned attributions sometimes as flamboyant as their colors—my favorite with no contest is the Master of the *St. Ulrich and St. Afra*—the Museum of Medieval Austrian Art in Fischer von Erlach's Orangery is a clinic for looking at pictures, or rather for analyzing small shifts in cultural history. I visited it by accident. My purpose in the city was to see the big museum, whose Titians and Velázquezes spent on view this spring for the first time in any permanent way since 1940. At present it is my favorite gallery, and part of the reason doubtless is a display that is inconspicuous and won't produce critical essays, but strikes me as very intelligent. Its mood was apparently dominated by the museum people and not by an architect, and yet it may be an example of Mumford's "post-mechanical era" in architectural style, making the white shine of some of the other schemes look dated in a pseudo-Mies manner.

It makes use of all the recent ideas, but tones them down. In particular, it takes all the pictures off the walls in a large group of rooms, and sets them at individually adjusted angles to the windows. But instead of having them on easels or spikes, it mounts them on large panels, each one making an environment for the painting and all together making a room. The actual walls are virtually not to be seen, and since they are remnants of 1890, that too seems just as well. Another group of rooms with ceiling light is also illuminated artificially, and these are also open two evenings a week. It is a nice, intelligent touch that one of the evening openings is free, while the day openings require buying a ticket. The usual thing is the reverse, which merely illustrates a bureaucratic tendency to run institutions for the benefit of those in charge; this is instead for the benefit of the visitor.

Of course the Vienna collection is happy because it contains such marvelous pictures. The installation merely helps to make that clear. After seeing the surprisingly gaudy Cranachs, the melting Rubenses, the Pointillist glitter of the Velázquezes, the purely pictorial beauty of the Brueghels which needs to be better known to match the appeal of his subjects, the American visitor is brought up short. However often it happens, it is a severe reminder of the standards of the first-rate, and that our scrapings and oddments are rarely that. How hard indeed it is to keep from accepting the standards of American-owned old masters. This is another topic, and merges with the other because the eclectic museum is the place where first-rateness is the factor of unity, or should be.

Before these remarks wander away further, I ought to explain that, beforehand, they were envisioned as a sort of travel diary. That did not work out for several reasons, and nothing is left of it but the looseness of several impressions. In Berlin, no doubt, a few more divergent directions will offer.

Creighton Gilbert

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OF IMPORTANCE TO ALL ARTISTS

On June 30, 1960, the Federal District Court of Minnesota decided a case of considerable importance to all artists. John Rood, the Minnesota sculptor, and current President of Artists Equity Association, Inc., had sustained tax losses in his business as artist for the years 1952 through 1954. These losses were taken as deductions against the combined income of John Rood and his wife. The Internal Revenue Service denied these deductions. The Roods paid the assessment and sued for a refund in the Federal Court. Judge Edward J. Devitt held that the Roods were in business with the intent to make a profit; that all of Rood's teaching and lecturing formed a part of that business; that the mere fact he had suffered losses did not mean that he would be denied the normal advantages of our tax laws available to all businesses; that all of his activities in the field of art constituted a trade or business within the meaning of the 1939 Internal Revenue Code; and that the Roods were entitled to take their losses in the business as deductions against other income. The Government's contention that more of Rood's work might have been sold if priced differently was rejected. In brief, the court held that if there is a bona fide intent to make a profit, the mere fact that losses were sustained does not mean that an artist is not engaged in a "trade or business."

—Memorandum written by Charles S. Bellows, Attorney

The above decision if applied by other artists in making out their income tax returns may save them money. Notice, this is a Federal court decision which means that it applies to artists throughout the United States. The Department of Internal Revenue expects everyone to take legitimate deductions. If you pay more than you should it is your own fault.

One of the questions answered in the above court decision is this: "If an artist is also a teacher, he may deduct losses from his work as an artist from his teaching income." Since many artists are also teachers, and have considered their income as teachers separate from their income as artists, this is valuable to know.

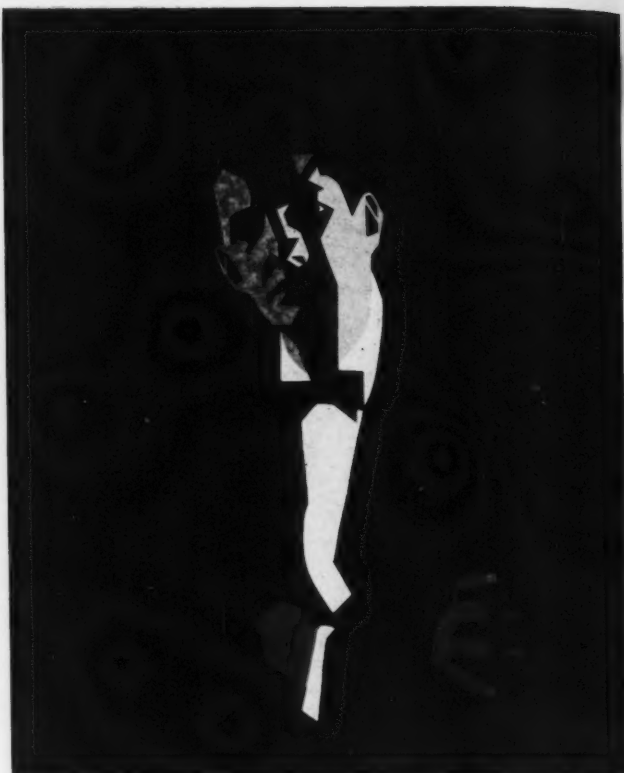
Another question decided in this case was that the artist is entitled to deductions for his studio as well as utilities required for the operation of that studio. One important thing to remember is that if one expects to take deductions in the way of expenses, he must keep the proper kind of records. In the decision quoted above, the very complete records kept by the artist were vitally instrumental in winning the case. A simple set of books is important and, of course, receipts, cancelled checks, and notations of expenses are necessary to back up the notations in the books.

Equity has now in preparation a handbook for use of artists working with architects. In this handbook, a simplified book-keeping method is shown in detail.

The above is Equity's first step toward helping artists with their income tax problems. If you do not belong to Equity, you should—as a member, candidate, or associate-friend. Write the national office for information. **YOU NEED EQUITY . . . EQUITY NEEDS YOU!**

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Corot, *Goat Girl beside a Stream*; collection Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield, Massachusetts.

CHICAGO: COROT AT THE ART INSTITUTE

AN EXTENSIVE Corot exhibition of over two hundred works—what a happy fulfillment of museum function, this ingathering from international sources. Even the potboilers, so long scorned by so many, are here, and the sublime landscapes and the “secret” figures.

From beginning to end they display a singleness of vision whose simplicity is the very opposite of primitive. Against the current of their times, they forgo the dramatic moment to explore the structure of natural form displayed in the subtlest nuances of light. Along the road of all such dedicated commitment we find signposts pointing to the future. Here is presaged the sensual ripeness of Renoir, there, the structural vision of Cézanne. In the truly remarkable *Le Torrent* (1850), there is not merely a presentiment of, but a blueprint for, Van Gogh. Somewhere an artist must find the strength simultaneously to apply and destroy the traditional way of seeing things, and if we wonder why Corot did not consistently venture into the future, we must remember it was easier, then, to acknowledge, as it is easier, now, to disavow.

Still the impulse and the discomfort existed. We sense an opposition inside the man to which much of his painting did not correspond. What was his conflict? Not technical, certainly. From the first he springs forth a mature artist. In one stroke he moves into the future. He disdains the picture frame. He and the viewer are “in” the landscape. This, in the 1820's. Corot is almost thirty years old, but he has just decided to be a painter. The clarity, the selectivity, the sense of fundamental structure are already there. Five years later he is a master. The horizons have lowered. The artist stands above his subject, in complete command. The paint is barely applied, but the result is tough and solid. He works with the least monumental of natural elements: a section of forest or a single tree, a stream, rocks, a pillar or two, all in tones of brown and misty green. Form is his servant. Color is his servant. Above all, light is his servant.

He returns to Paris from Italy and the sun comes out, washing the city with that harder yellow beloved by the Impressionists. For the first time in history we learn to see that city as

we see it today, in the only way we can ever see it again: built of painter's light. He is at the very brink of painting with light, but he remains content to illuminate with it.

There he is, a painter of skill and measure; but where is man? In the shadows—literally. A figure stands at the edge of the forest hidden in the shadowed rim of a sunlit glade. Before the *Residence and Factory of Mr. Henry* (1833), all six figures are obscured by the small, noon shadows. Light bathes the rocks and sparse trees of Hagar's wilderness, but the protagonist is relegated to a darkened area. In painting after painting the human figure is portrayed outside the door of nature or, at best, made an unobtrusive element of the landscape. Nor is this a purposive comment by the artist. He struggles with the problem. He tries peopling his sylvan settings with nymphs and gods. It is too late for that. It is the nineteenth century. Poussin could extract drama in this way, but now even a simple man cannot push back the tide of rationalism.

In two paintings Corot does achieve a remarkable synthesis. In the *Goat Girl beside a Stream* (1842), he completely transforms the girl into a natural phenomenon. Much later, in *Mme Stumpf et Sa Fille* (1872), he achieves an Oriental blending of nature's serenity and mystery with man's. But man-into-nature or nature-into-man begs the question. So in secret he paints the human figure—some three hundred such paintings of which, during his lifetime, he exhibited but two. In secret he portrays somber, brooding women. They are unreachable in their isolation, even to themselves. Surely their passive agony was Corot's discomfort. In secret: there's the clue.

We want our artists to grasp the unintelligible as well as the manageable. To Corot, as to us, the unintelligible concerned man's role in a Godless, irrational universe. But for him the idea is still young. Nature may be melancholy but, without man, she can be trusted. It is the last time one can hold on to reason and control the terror by keeping it secret. Of course it is the secret that fascinates us most.

In the end one comes away from Corot happy and admiring. He avoided the florid excesses proliferating around him. He joined an inner

plastic power of as high an order as has existed with a precise and gentle sensibility. He painted steadily into the future and stands as a necessary bridge to that future. If we sometimes find him naïve, we at the same time find in ourselves a sense of loss: loss of the capacity for simple delicacy, perhaps for simple love.

Bernard Sahlins

LOS ANGELES: THE SEASONAL TIDE

THE Los Angeles County Museum Annual this year was a disappointingly ramshackle affair, running the gamut from hackneyed illustration to hipster assault painting. The exhibition was juried by Richard Diebenkorn, Henry Francis and Clement Greenberg. Among the more respectable entries were those of John Altoon, Sam Amato, Bob Kennicott, Theresa La Mori, Ruth Satursky and Willie Suzuki. Miss Satursky's crisp and breezy *Landscape* received a well-deserved place of honor and a cash award.

The paintings of Charlotte Sherman, shown recently at the Parsons Gallery, made a pleasant, sunny impression: still-life, landscape and figure compositions in spangled colors, a warm Turner-esque melt of golds, coppers and yellows, relieved with blues and moss greens. The giant-size oils of Stanley Hayter shown at the Esther Robles Gallery were maelstroms of unmodulated color. A great rush and gush of paint, and out of the eye of the tornado a staining liquid splash of unbottled violence. “He has rejected the current emphasis on impasto and physical richness of surface and instead spatters thin but vibrant blues, oranges and greens over basic linear patterns.” At the Ferus Gallery were some tiny collages by the early Dadaist Kurt Schwitters. Rounding out this exhibition were a number of utterly dead objects, all painted battleship gray—e.g., a light bulb and socket, a wire coat hanger attached to a blank panel and a flashlight buried in a lump of plaster. These anachronistic and witless inventions were credited to Jasper Johns.

The big Diebenkorn exhibition at the Pasadena Art Museum was for me a real breath of fresh air. The paintings since 1956 make capital of the illusion of a third dimension without in any way compromising the appeal of full-bodied color and painterly surface. Diebenkorn is not really a “new image” painter. His conception of a figure in space is in the classical tradition that inspired many of the early and best works of Matisse. But there is a roughhewn, frontier quality in Diebenkorn's work, and above all an authentic American bleakness. In fact one is strongly reminded of Edward Hopper, whose figures and space possess a very similar sense of clean, well-lighted isolation. A provincial Matisse? A more up-to-date Hopper? But it seems to me that a synthesis of Matisse and Hopper acclimated to California could be a very genuine accomplishment. Diebenkorn's draftsmanship is rough and ready, and his use of perspective is terribly gawky at times; but in his most successful canvases the largeness of the spatial conception is very satisfying, and his powerful color sings in harmony with this boldly structured space. The earlier abstracts are quite successful on their own terms, but in the figurative paintings one welcomes Diebenkorn's daring blend of compositional freedom and structural integration, of weighted form and open space, of sensuous resonance and ideal repose.

The paintings of Richard Haines, also on view at Pasadena, are craftsmanly semiabstractions, constructed rather like masonry of blocks of muted color. The space is shallow and under pressure, as it were, from above. Showing little interest in the drama of depth, Haines concentrates on the design of quiet, well-joined surfaces.

Charles S. Kessler

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PARIS

The Paris seasons . . . new treasures at the Louvre . . . latter-day Italian sculpture . . . modern primitives . . . Braque's graphic work . . .

SUM pickings here, on Right Bank and Left Bank. The season tends, increasingly, to be concentrated into the late winter and spring months. A brief flurry from very late October through mid-December is interrupted by the long Christmas season, and activity is not resumed until mid-January, lasting then into June. The autumn months, however, are arid, and every gallery is given over to the casual *accrochage*. It is difficult, I imagine, for the visitor to get any idea at all of the Paris scene. I returned, myself, after an absence of some months, to find that one or two new galleries of some size or importance had opened during my absence, but shall have to wait until the season is in full swing for a notion of their intentions. Karl Flinker, for example, has a rather heterogeneous assortment of canvases in his very handsomely installed premises on the Rue du Bac. Sonderborg, Bluhm, Ahriks, Saby, taken as a group, indicate little beyond a policy of hospitality to "younger" painters.

We are promised wonders for months to come—a great Rousseau show at Charpentier's, an exhibition of Italian eighteenth-century art at the Petit Palais, the large group show or small salon of American sculpture at Claude Bernard's, Louise Nevelson at Daniel Cordier's—but for the moment we have nothing but the remains of the summer season to feed upon.

This summer season has, however, been rather extraordinary, and concentrated to a high degree about the Louvre itself, for in addition to the great Poussin show, twenty-seven new rooms, containing over a thousand paintings, have been opened to the public. Divided into two groups, they represent the first fruits of M. Malraux's attempt to rescue the treasures long hidden from the public in the museum's cellars. Well, not all are treasures, of course, not by a long shot, but the ensemble is quite staggering nevertheless.

The first group consists of over five hundred canvases which, together with a hundred which had already been hung on the first floor of the museum building, have been assembled in an exhibition of nineteenth-century painting. Almost all are French; the few exceptions include, as one might expect, two Constables (one is a fine oil sketch), a Turner, a Bonington and a Whistler—an *Artist's Mother*, in fact. Moreover, in addition to the very large pictures still on view on the first floor, in the Salles Daru, Denon and Mollien, the Impressionist collection of the Jeu de Paume, the David, Ingres and Gérard portraits of the Bistegui collection, the museum has suddenly acquired—or hung, but it is the same so far as the public are concerned—a collection of Corots which is unrivaled anywhere. A catalogue of this portion of the newly exhibited canvases, a provisional and selective one, designed as a guide for the casual visitor, has now been published. Incomplete though it is, it lists over fifty works by Corot, and I must hasten to add that of these by far the majority are first-rate or important works: admirably composed Roman landscapes of his youth, or portraits and interiors of his maturity which make him the greatest painter of his period. These are admirably displayed in

the gallery and cabinets which house the Moreau-Nelaton collection, donated to the government in 1906. Also now on exhibit, and for the first time, is the series of landscapes designed as décor for the bathroom of the Robert family in Mantes. Painted on plaster in 1840, donated to the Louvre in 1926, they were subsequently transposed onto canvas by the museum's restorers. They do not, by any means, form a first-rate ensemble, but rather a marginal comment on Corot's relationship to his contemporaries.

IT is the ensemble of Corots, the gallery of Romantic portraits, the Delacroix and Géricault rooms, and of course the Ingres, transferred some years ago from the Petit Palais, which constitute the heart of the exhibition. The rest is rich in single treasures, major and minor: a Guigou landscape makes one wish for a larger representation of the Provençal school—in Parisian collections generally, and most particularly here, for the Louvre prides itself on the comprehensiveness and "balance" of its collection, though much regretting, of course, its notorious lack of Spanish painting.

Adjacent to the nineteenth-century section is the ensemble of seven hundred canvases covering almost the full range of European art prior to the nineteenth century. They have been hung in nineteenth-century style, from floor to ceiling, in five large rooms. They constitute, of course, a good-sized museum, and the effect is dizzying, to say the least. The catalogue, prepared by M. Sterling, Mme. Hultegger and their colleagues, is, happily, complete.

The section devoted to primitives is full of attributions, of course—Gérard David, Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Uccello, Signorelli—but it is particularly strong in the schools of Cologne, Thuringia and the sixteenth-century Flemish and seventeenth-century Dutch masters. Seven Rembrandts—admittedly minor ones—are now added to those already on view, plus a number of Rubens' oil sketches, and the number of Chardins swells to fifteen. Well, it will take some years to absorb all this, or even that part of it which one will want to make one's own. Paris has suddenly been presented with a new and sensational collection; its size and quality, however uneven, far surpass that of the larger and older of her, or any other country's, provincial museums. This, with all that it implies on the administrative level, the development and application of museological and restoration techniques, has, together with the Poussin exhibition, made for a triumphal year at the Louvre; the somewhat *Roi-Soleil* hauteur with which M. Germain Bazin has chosen to present the ensemble in his official memorandum to M. Gaetan Picon, Malraux's direct representative as Director-General of Arts and Letters, is, for once, quite understandable.

ALMOST everything else seems pale. Take, for instance, the current exhibitions at the Hôtel Biron and the Maison de la Pensée Française. The first is a large show of contemporary Italian sculpture, and like so many of the projects undertaken on the Rue de Varenne it does not quite come off, partly because of the challenge presented by the nobility of the setting and the vitality of its collection—for the Hôtel Biron is, of course, not only a particularly splendid specimen of the eighteenth-century architectural style which predominates in the Faubourg Saint Germain; it is also the Rodin Museum.

The exhibition in question, however, suffers from a weakness of conception which amounts almost to bad faith. Presumably a panorama of contemporary sculpture from Martini until the present day, it is really something quite different: a salon of current sculpture, madly and indiscriminately inclusive and containing a few pieces

whose ancestral prestige is meant to give it a semblance of historical weight and respectability. Those pieces are by Boccioni and Martini. Mention is made, in the catalogue (whose detail amounts to an exquisite politeness) of the importance of Medardo Rosso; he has, however, been given no place in this exhibition, nor is one major piece of Martini included. As for the Boccionis (*Development of Bottle in Space* and *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space*, both of 1913), their radicalism condemns almost everything around them. The exhibition is an inventory of postwar high fashion or a grammar of sculptural Esperanto, a synthesis of idioms originating in the Richier-Butler-Chadwick-Martini-Dubuffet language area. It is all wearying beyond description, and one resents having to deal seriously with it.

The second of these two failures—and it is, to my mind, a rather more scandalous affair—is the so-called retrospective of "Naïve Painting in France from Rousseau to the Present Day." It has been organized by Mr. Anatole Jakovsky, a specialist, almost a monopolist, in the field. He has, however, contented himself with grouping a few pedestrian and finically executed canvases about five particularly feeble Rousseaus. Mr. Jakovsky, in various prefaces, articles and volumes published over the last ten years, has made a great show of defining, re-defining and re-re-defining the nature of primitive painting. He seems, however, actually more interested in extending its canon—natural enough, perhaps, from his professional point of view, but unacceptable from any other. The result, as in this show, is almost invariably an assemblage of mediocrities, relieved by one fine, rather uncharacteristic Vivin (a *Port* of 1931), three Bombois, including the great *Nude with Raised Arms* from the collection of the Musée de l'Art Moderne, and three Bauchants painted between 1927 and 1929, at the height of his classical or mythological period, splendid in themselves and constituting a delightful seriocomic commentary on the Poussins which have just quit the Louvre.

APART, then, from the solemn riot of furniture, *bibelots* and engravings which constitute the exhibition on "The Age of Louis XIV" at the Museum of Decorative Arts, the most considerable show now on is that of Braque's graphic work, at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

We have never before seen it all assembled here in Paris, and while it is good in theory that it be shown, good as well to have it nicely documented and rationally presented, it cannot be described as a really exciting event. Apart from the first, Cubist *Still Lifes* of 1910 and 1911 and a superb lithograph of 1949 (*Teapot and Lemons*), this rather large body of work adds little either to the media employed or to the range of Braque himself. Unlike Villon, Braque seems to have been little concerned with graphics as an extension of his expressive range. For one thing the prints seem most successful, most powerful, when conceived as sketches for or parallels to specific canvases. Secondly, it is obvious that Braque's increased activity in this field has coincided with a decline in his painting; by far the great majority of plates now being shown have been issued by Maeght since the war. A *Nude* of 1908, which does indeed, as M. Seuphor has suggested apropos of another, similar work of that period, seem to constitute a crossroads sign of Cubism, Fauvism and Expressionism, is, for all its awkwardness, far more ambitious and exciting than the later works.

Neither the large series of calligraphic illustrations for Hesiod's *Theogony* nor the plates done for Milarepa constitute more than a moderately tasteful, unambitious venture. Compare the two series, however, and you find that the *Theogony* plates (commissioned by Vollard in 1932, executed

continued on page 69

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LONDON

The "Situation" show at the R. B. A. Galleries . . . Turnbull and his following . . . the "fringe": Mundy, Ayres, Irwin and Cohen . . .

EVERY so often there occurs the group exhibition that isn't satisfactory in itself, but which is nevertheless certain to be remembered as a landmark. It brings forward into public notice new artists and new ideas, and though at the time nobody could with much confidence assert just what has permanent value and what hasn't, it's quite plain that something of importance is afoot.

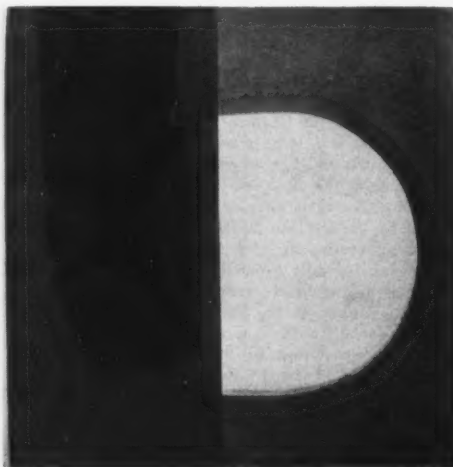
Such a show was the "Situation" exhibition that was on view in London at the R. B. A. Galleries last month. It was billed with the subtitle "British Abstract Art 1960," but this was a bit misleading (to put it mildly), as there was no sculpture and most of the British abstract painters you are likely to know were not included. An exhibition without Nicholson, Pasmore, Davie, Scott, Hilton and the St. Ives painters can hardly claim to be representative of British abstract art today.

"Situation" was in fact largely an attempt to draw attention to a group of London-resident abstract painters, most of them in their late twenties or early thirties, who habitually work on a very large scale, and perhaps as a consequence have found it difficult to get their paintings shown. They regard themselves as being quite independent of and distinct from the slightly older and now fairly well-established artists, to whom they show something that approaches veiled hostility. It is of course a familiar state of affairs. Here is the new generation pushing through, backed by two able but very partisan critics, Lawrence Alloway and Roger Coleman, who have given the "Situation" group its theoretical program.

What is particularly interesting about the artists showing in "Situation" is that they very obviously take their standards from American painting. They seem to owe very little to any recent European modern art. I couldn't help comparing the paintings I saw at this year's Venice Biennale with those in "Situation": they could hardly have been more different. One has the impression that, so far as painting today is concerned, the British Isles now lie off the coast of America and not off the continent of Europe.

Lawrence Alloway, who is more than anyone else responsible for turning the eyes of the younger painters away from Paris and toward New York, was prepared to make considerable claims for the "Situation" painters. "The exhibition is the announcement of the arrival of young, mature artists," he wrote in *Art News and Review* for September 10. He went on to justify the admitted American influence: "It is important, if this American connection is to be understood, to realise that American art is not an exotic national style. It is the mainstream of modern art, which used to run through Paris. By their study of American art these British painters located themselves in the tradition of modern art which has only shaky native representatives. The risk was, and there has been no shortage of people to remind them, that their art might become only imitations of American models . . . The favourable critical reaction of several visiting Americans to the exhibition supports the belief that these artists have escaped from Samuel Palmer on-the-rocks without becoming the fifty-first State. Freedom and confidence has followed, grown out of, the period of American dependence." Whether the achievement of "Situation" yet warrants such confident words I doubt, though I certainly hope that time will prove Alloway right.

In his introduction to the "Situation" catalogue Roger Coleman offered much the same explanations: "During the 1950's American painting introduced, among other things, the concept of the large painting into British Art. It was not so much that the painters who came under its influence had never heard of large paintings before, but that they had tended to be the careful, prepared-for exception, whereas since they have become the rule." Coleman goes on to suggest that there are certain values implicit in the large painting, and that this gives a cohesion, otherwise lacking, to the work in the exhibition. He starts to enumerate these values: "First, a new conception of space in painting and with it a new conception of the spectator's relationship with a painting. If a painting is denied its traditional space backwards, as it were, into the domain of illusion, it is logical for it to compensate by expanding horizontally and vertically to extents where the spectator is contained and confined by, and where in some cases a turn of the head of several degrees right and left is needed before it can be fully incorporated into his experience. This environmental definition of painting removes the case that the large picture needs a lot of room." All this is true enough, and will be perfectly familiar to you in New York, but from this point onward Coleman's argument becomes more difficult to follow. It is not that his ideas are new (they are the standard



Henry Mundy, *Grooved*;
at the R. B. A. Galleries.

Bryan Young, *Split 3*;
at the R. B. A. Galleries.

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arguments for American painting), but they don't have any compelling and necessary connection with the paintings in the exhibition. His second value is that "the large painting is inextricably related to the idea that paintings somehow can be the record of a sequence of actions; as Harold Rosenberg put it: 'What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event.'" But as Coleman knows himself, the typical "Situation" painting is not a gestural painting—quite the reverse—and arguing that it is seems to me to be draining the meaning out of words.

The most powerful and influential figure in the "Situation" show is William Turnbull, better known as a sculptor, but also a painter of distinction. A group of Turnbull's paintings were shown at the Molton Gallery shortly before the "Situation" exhibition, so there were at last opportunities of seeing what he was doing. The new Turnbull paintings usually consist of two flat and often closely related colored areas meeting at a soft but clear edge. Sometimes the division is a straight line, sometimes a gently curving arc, sometimes an almost complete, almost regular, circle. Unlike Turnbull's more calligraphic paintings of a year or so ago, this can no more be called gestural than a Rothko can.

Two of the younger painters in "Situation," Peter Coviello and Marc Vaux, follow Turnbull in his use of soft edges to divide flat colored areas, but the largest group within "Situation" are what Alloway calls the "Hard Edge" artists—Denny, Rumney, House, Hoyland, Plumb, Bernard Cohen and Peter Stroud (who was formerly a Constructivist and still uses relief elements). The distinction is not a fundamental one: both groups are preoccupied with the treatment of the surface of the picture, aiming to produce a succession of shifting relationships between the simple flat color-fields that are virtually all the paintings consist of.

This is where I begin to wonder whether such devotion to very limited ends isn't in fact verging on the point of lunacy. I know that every advance in art is made at considerable sacrifice, but may it not be possible to go too far? The trouble with much of the work of this kind in "Situation" was, quite simply, that it was boring—there wasn't enough in it to hold one's attention, to keep one looking at the picture. It was also, I'm afraid, too cerebral—too much a demonstration of what the artist thought a big picture ought to be, and too little a statement of personal feeling and conviction. As David Sylvester wrote in the *New Statesman* of September (and he was almost the only London critic to give the exhibition the serious consideration it deserved): "For the New York painters who matter, the practice of painting is a process of self-discovery, not the exercise of an idea. For most of the painters in 'Situation,' the practice of art is a form of art criticism."

It must also be admitted that much of the painting in "Situation" was very derivative. In particular the interest of the English avant-garde in Barnett Newman, Ad Reinhardt, Ellsworth Kelly, McLaughlin and Noland was all too faithfully reflected in some of the pictures. I was surprised to find only that we have as yet no home-produced Morris Louis's, but this no doubt is only a matter of time. Young artists of course often need to work through an influence, absorbing something that is essential for their own development, but the process is sometimes a painful one for artists and spectator alike. When a painter with Robyn Denry's touch and feeling for texture paints nothing but hard-edged, garishly colored rectangles, one hopes profoundly that he won't go on doing this forever.

As so often in these cases it's the work that doesn't fit into the general pattern that is most satisfactory. Even within "Situation" there emerged

the makings of a rival group, consisting of Robert Law and two painters who have recently been students at the Central School (where both Turnbull and Davie teach), Bryan Young and John Epstein. They would have been joined in "Situation" by a third ex-Central School painter, Peter Hobbs, had he not been showing concurrently at the I.C.A. with Law in an exhibition called "Minimum Means." These painters are more concerned with imagery—with marks on the surface—than with the surface itself. Hobbs in particular has written (in *Ark*, the Royal College of Art's magazine) of his pictures as man-size free-standing images, and for him "images that can be seen are merely a recognition of existing links between people." We are back at the sort of abstract painting I mentioned in my June letter in ARTS, and Anton Ehrenzweig in the passage I quoted did in fact go on to talk about Hobbs' Standing Pictures. There is indeed much common ground between Roger Hilton and Sandra Blow, whose work is illustrated in that article, and the Hobbs-Young-Epstein group. I personally believe that this kind of painting (and Alan Davie's name must also be mentioned) offers a far more profitable field for exploration than the hard-edge and soft-edge varieties.

The most considerable individual artists in "Situation" stand outside these currents: Henry Mundy and Gillian Ayres, who have both had one-man shows which I shall return to in a moment; Gwyther Irwin, whose enormous paper collages (especially the eighteen-by-fourteen-foot *Thornton Maximus*) have a remarkable beauty and a grandeur that one wouldn't have thought the medium possessed; and Harold Cohen, whose paintings (which include collage elements) also have this conviction and strength that was elsewhere lacking. Cohen—he is Bernard Cohen's elder brother—has been working in New York for over a year now, and these were, I think, the first pictures he had sent back to England. Somehow they appeared more personal and less "American" than the work of painters who had stayed at home—which is perhaps what one might expect.

Apart from the examples in "Situation," Gillian Ayres' new work was also shown in the lively Molton Gallery, which has recently opened in South Molton Street, a few doors from Gimpel Fils. Gimpel's had earlier in the summer given Bernard Cohen a one-man show, so that "Situation" artists' complaints of dealers' neglect were not entirely convincing. A year or two ago Gillian Ayres adopted Pollock's practice of pouring paint from the can to form pools on the picture surface, but lately she has gone back to using the brush, with in my opinion much happier results. Her pictures are not so arbitrary in structure, and a delicate and individual sense of color now emerges. She has to some extent been influenced by her husband, Henry Mundy, whose first one-man show at the Hanover Gallery was the most auspicious debut we've seen in London for a very long time.

Mundy was also in "Situation," but he certainly didn't belong there. Born in 1919, he was very much older than the other painters exhibiting, with the exception of Turnbull. His work, too, is not abstract in the way demanded by the "Situation" committee, which excluded the St. Ives painters on the grounds that they made references to events outside painting. Mundy does precisely this, and his source of inspiration is still life. Had he lived a few years ago he would have been painting interiors, with chairs and a table littered with objects, seen against curtained windows through which light breaks. Some of his titles—*Against the Light*, *In the Corner*, *Objects Lost*—bear this out. Mundy has been a painter slow to develop, but with this exhibition he at once established himself as an original and distinctive artist whose work is certain to attract increasing attention in the next few years.

Alan Bowness

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Girl Knitting; collection Adelaide Milton de Groot.

Berthe Morisot at the Wildenstein Galleries

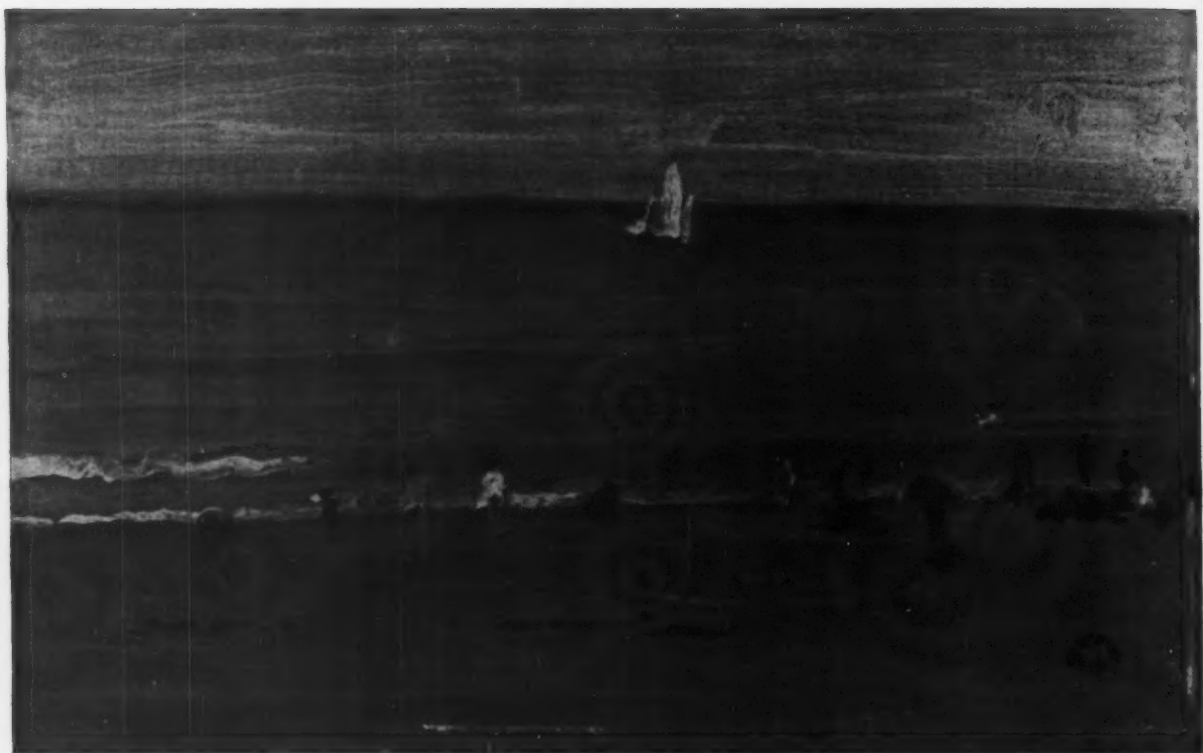
A large-scale exhibition of works by Berthe Morisot is featured at Wildenstein's in New York until December 10. Some seventy paintings, perhaps the broadest Morisot exhibition ever assembled in America, comprise a benefit show presented in the interests of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children. The works are on loan from renowned collections, public and private, across the world; more than half the paintings derive from nine private collections in France.



Girl with Dog; private collection, France.



Woman with Fan; collection Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lewyt.



James McNeill Whistler, *Coast Scene: Bathers*; collection Art Institute of Chicago.

Whistler at the Knoedler Galleries

Knoedler's is presenting, through November 26, an extensive exhibition of works by Whistler in a benefit show for the Arts Council of Great Britain. Some seventy paintings and fifty water colors, pastels, drawings, prints and books have been assembled by Andrew McLaren Young, Senior Lecturer on the History of Art and Curator of the Art Collections of the University of Glasgow. A number of the works are part of the Whistler family's last bequest to the University of Glasgow and have not been seen in this country before. Additional loans have been drawn from outstanding public and private collections in Europe and America. Included in the exhibition is the Detroit Art Institute's *Falling Rocket*, which occasioned Ruskin's famous "insult" and Whistler's subsequent suit for damages.

Turner at the Gerson Gallery

The first major exhibition of Turner's water colors and drawings ever to be held in America will be on view at the Gerson Gallery in New York from November 9 until December 10. Made up of loans from American museums and from English and American private collections, the show covers all of Turner's periods, from his early, meticulous architectural drawings to the late, more fluid experiments with light and color—the atmospheric experiments which so greatly influenced the French Impressionists. The American section of the exhibition has been selected by Katharine Kuh, Art Editor of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Evelyn Joll, a Director of Agnew and Sons, the London art dealers, has invited the group coming from England, most of which have never before been seen in the United States.



Joseph Mallord William Turner, *Little Devil's Bridge*; collection Fogg Art Museum.



*King Amasis (c. 560 B.C.) ;
collection University Museum, University of Pennsylvania.*



*Bes, Prince of Mendes (c. 630 B.C.) ;
collection Museo Nazionale, Palermo.*

Egyptian Sculpture at the Brooklyn Museum

On view in Brooklyn until January 9 is the world's first comprehensive showing of Egyptian sculpture of the Late Period—700 B.C. to A.D. 100. Some 140 sculptures in stone, bronze, wood, ivory and faience have been assembled by Bernard V. Bothmer, Associate Curator of the Brooklyn Museum's Department of Ancient Art. For the first time in history sculpture has been loaned from the collections of the Egyptian Department of the Louvre and from the vast, unpublished collections of the Egyptian Museum in Cairo and the Greco-Roman Museum in Alexandria. The showing also includes outstanding representations from museums in Italy, Germany, Britain, Canada and foremost collections in the United States.



Girl or Goddess (c. 300 B.C.); collection Greco-Roman Museum, Alexandria.



Amenirdas I, The Divine Consort (c. 700 B.C.) ; collection Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska. At the Brooklyn Museum.

The Gods Are Dead! Long Live the Gods!

Malraux's heroic conception of life and art ennobles (and harms) *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*.

BY GEORGE WOODCOCK

BETWEEN painting, sculpture and writing there exists a sympathetic—though equivocal—relationship, of a kind that hardly exists between the other arts. The most interesting criticism of music, for instance, is usually by specializing musicologists; the most interesting writing on painting and sculpture is often by men of letters who have reached them by way of literature—like Baudelaire and Proust and Malraux, the subject of this article—or have taken up a literary career after having failed—like Ruskin and Hazlitt and Herbert Read—to satisfy themselves as painters. For one poet or novelist who would diffidently discuss Mozart (and balk at the thought of saying anything about Schoenberg), there must be a dozen who would willingly talk about the significance of Picasso or lyricize on the naturalism of Brueghel. (I remember a gathering of poets at which my own reading of a sonnet I had written on *Winter* led to the immediate recitation of two other poems on the same painting!) The difference begins, I think, with the fact that music is really an abstract structure of a kind which the writer—involved inescapably with the concrete and ambiguous suggestiveness of language—can never imitate, despite certain abortive attempts to write poetry that treats words as if they were notes in music. On the other hand, there is an inescapably visual and pictorial element in literature; the dramatist appeals directly to the eye as well as the ear, the novelist and poet both present images and scenes that are meant to be re-created in the mind's eye if not on the physical retina; in such scenes and images color, texture and even the deployment of space within an imagined frame can play their part.

But do not let us be carried too far by this analogical situation. The picture which the writer seeks to create in the mind's eye is nearer to the image of the film-maker than to that of the painter or sculptor; it is the setting for action, the scene of dialogue. Its meaning lies in what emerges from it, whereas the picture which the painter creates, since it cannot change, has meaning for what has gone into it, and, above all, for what it is.

Here we come to a point which I think is particularly relevant to Malraux, and to the book I am now discussing (*The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, Doubleday, \$20.00) as much as to any other of his works. One of the virtues of the writer-art critic is his ability to perceive the world of relationships in which the arts exist—a world where individual feelings, physical environments, social forms, religions and philosophies, all influence and make use of the arts. Painters themselves are in their own ways aware of this world of relationships—one has only to chart the links between painting, religion and politics over the centuries to realize this fact—but they rarely express their awareness of it in words. The writer expresses the relationship, often with great insight and clarity, but in doing so he is tempted to interpret the work of art not in accordance with its own nature (as painting or sculpture),

but in accordance with the literary or philosophic background to which he relates it.

This can happen in two ways. The writer seeks in a painting an excess of poetic suggestiveness, or literary allusiveness, as if the artist were manipulating visual associations in the same way as a poet manipulates verbal connotations, and then something is produced like Pater's famous description of the *Mona Lisa*. Or, if the writer is *engagé* in some direction, he seeks in works of art or in the general activity of producing them a lesson that echoes the particular philosophic gospel he may happen to carry in his own heart. Then his attempt will be to give art an intent that reflects his own outlook, and to seek this intent more or less to the exclusion of other equally or more important aspects of the works he discusses. Proudhon's analysis of Courbet in *Du Principe de l'Art et Sa Destination Sociale* is a classic example of this failing.

It is a variant of the Proudhonian failing that I find in Malraux's discussions of art, and in this most recent of his works, *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, as much as in anything else he has written on the subject. I should say at this point that I consider Malraux one of the great novelists of our age, in spite of the fact that his novels are marred like scarred statues by the engagement that turns all his fiction into a series of absorbing tracts on the ways to maintain human dignity in a world which the Gods have left. I also respect and even to an extent share the philosophy that inspires these novels and overshadows Malraux's writings on the visual arts. Finally, I recognize how much Malraux has contributed to the invigoration of our studies of painting and sculpture; in every page I feel the intellectual power and the literary brilliance of such works as *The Voices of Silence* and *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, but I am also aware of the limitations which these insistent virtues tend to hypnotize one into overlooking.

MALRAUX's limitations are bound up with his fervent conception of art as a great vehicle of rebellion against destiny, as a means by which man proclaims his greatness in opposition to the absurdity of the universe, the tyranny of Time and the atrocity of Death. "A man," he declares, "becomes truly Man only when in quest of what is most exalted in him. True arts and cultures relate Man to duration, sometimes to eternity, and make of him something other than the most favored denizen of a universe founded on absurdity. Each hero, saint or sage stands for a victory over the human situation. All art is a revolt against man's fate."

This heroic view of art links up with the heroic themes of Malraux's novels, the themes that were perhaps never expressed better than by Perken, the adventurer hero of *The Royal Way*, which Malraux wrote more than thirty years ago. "What weighs on me," says Perken one night in the jungle, "is . . . my human

The Gods Are Dead! Long Live the Gods!

lot, my limitations; that I must grow old, and that time, that loathsome thing, spreads through me like a cancer, inevitably. Time—there you have it! D'you see all those damn-fool insects making for our lamp, obeying the call of the light? The termites, too, obey the law of the anthill. I—I will not obey." "To live defying death," is Perken's aim, which means that one must also die defying death. "It seems to me sometimes that I am staking myself, all that I am, on a single moment—my last. And, very likely, it will come quite soon; some more or less filthy arrow will settle the business, once for all." And when his companion, Claude Vannec, says to him, "One doesn't choose one's death," he replies, "No doubt! And, having waived my choice of death, I've had to choose my life."

Here are all the elements of Malraux heroism—the refusal to obey destiny, the willingness to flout death, the choice of a way of action which, to use another Malraux phrase, "turns life to account." It is an aristocratic attitude. Even the Communist leaders in *Man's Fate* go to their deaths not like party bosses but like lords of life, and it is clear that, despite his period of involvement in mass movements, Malraux has despised the ordinary as much as Stendhal ever did and has admired man only in the noble incarnations—the "hero, saint or sage," or, of course, the artist, whose work is man's most durable and most ironic gesture against Death and Time. This essentially aristocratic outlook has, as I shall show later, a considerable effect on Malraux's writing on the arts.

The common assumption that Malraux, disillusioned with the life of action, turned away from heroism to art as the sovereign means of proclaiming human dignity, is only partially true. There is no clear-cut division; there is, at most, a shifting of emphasis. At one level at least, *The Royal Way*, published in 1930, is a kind of parable which charts out Malraux's own later life, since Perken and his companion Claude go into the jungle, whose malign chaos suggests the absurd clutter of existence, in search of works of art, the Khmer statues which they hope to bring out of the hidden and deserted temples that line the Royal Way of Cambodia. Physical heroism and the search for the works in which a lost culture lives again for those who discover them thus become parallel ways of defying "the law of the anthill." And the journey of Perken and Claude Vannec reproduces in many details a journey which Malraux himself had made to the same temples for the same purpose seven years before.

The search for the meaning of art is in fact parallel with the search for physical heroism from Malraux's early twenties onward, and his first books are full of hints that echo forward to *The Voices of Silence* and *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*. In particular, the idea of the Imaginary Museum, with its contents from all ages which amazingly take on contemporaneity in our own age (and perhaps in the process suggest that the world is ripe for "a universal humanism") is anticipated in works which Malraux wrote a whole generation ago. In *La Tentation de l'Occident*, a volume of imaginary letters between East and West published in 1926, before any of Malraux's actual novels, the Chinese Ling reflects on the vast assemblage of art in the Louvre from every region and every past. Ling realizes how such an assemblage will inevitably disturb accepted aesthetic values in the West, and even pursues such lines of thought, characteristic of the later Malraux, as the transformation of Greek into Buddhist art and the significance of the smile in Occidental sculpture.

A little later, in *The Royal Way*, Claude Vannec remarks: "For me museums are places where the works of an earlier epoch which have developed into myths lie sleeping—surviving on the historical plane alone—waiting for the day to come when artists will wake them to an active existence. If they have a definite appeal for me it is because I know the artist has this power of summoning them back to a new lease on life. In the last analysis, of course, no

civilization is ever understood by another one. But its creations remain—only we are blind to them until our myths come into line with theirs." What Malraux is, of course, to claim in *The Voices of Silence* is something very close to this coming into line of the myths; it is the liberation of the vision of modern man through the realization that "art has no other end than itself," that art can "create an autonomous world, for the first time reduced to itself." From this realization "the most profound metamorphosis of the art of the past begins."

THE elaboration of this theme in fact commences only five years after the publication of *The Royal Way*, for Malraux claims to have been at work on *The Voices of Silence* from 1935 until 1951, the year of its publication in France. This means that he began to concern himself with the meaning of art while he was still a novelist (with three novels yet to come) and while he was still a man of violent action (with his career as a flyer in the Spanish Civil War and as a Resistance leader still ahead of him). And in fact the novels of this period themselves give evidence of a close preoccupation with art as well as action; even in a critical revolutionary situation the characters of *Man's Hope* find time to discuss the art of the future, and in *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg* the hero talks of "the divine quality" by which "we can fashion images of ourselves sufficiently powerful to deny our nothingness."

I emphasize the contemporaneity of the novels of heroic action (and the actual heroic search for danger, for the situations in which a man proves his dignity in the defiance of death) with the search for artistic values, not merely to show that there is no real division between Malraux the poet of heroic action and Malraux the celebrant of universal art. I emphasize it also to show how intimately these two elements are in fact related. They are related because both heroic action and great art make tolerable a life in which otherwise Malraux would be left with the anguish of a meaningless existence in a meaningless world. When at one point in *The Voices of Silence* Malraux speaks metaphorically of the new art as a "faith" devoted to "an obscure god which one would like to call painting and which is called art," his image strikes nearer to the truth than he perhaps would care to admit. For the reason why the emphasis in his own activities, without ever denying heroic action, does in fact shift perceptibly in recent years toward the discussion of art may well lie in a feeling that the practice of art, as he sees it, gives the artist—and particularly the artist in our age, liberated to the direct confrontation of his work—certain god-like qualities which the heroic actionist lacks. The artist is in a full sense the master: he dominates his subject and his canvas; he submits everything to his style; he becomes the shaper and the creator. In the process he defies Death, and Time as well, more effectively than man can do in any other of his activities. The words Claude Vannec spoke thirty years ago in *The Royal Way* still apply to Malraux today: "What draws me to all these things is the obstinate desire that every artist has to ward off death by a sort of intermittent immortality . . ." Now he presents to us, in *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, a world where "Time is vanquished by the images that human hands created to defy it." Man himself, in other words, becomes the creator and the defier of death. The Gods are dead! Long live the Gods! In another age it would have seemed a heresy on the scale of the Tower of Babel.

PRECISELY to that other age, that age when man confronted the godly instead of trying to create it from within himself, Malraux turns in *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*. This, he explains, is not exactly a history of art. Rather it is an investigation of the

way in which the visual arts, up to the end of the fourteenth century, express Man's efforts to give visible form to whatever at the time may be "his world of Truth." Art in these ages turns toward eternity, and it rejects appearance precisely because appearance is the visible form of the temporal world. In this way it becomes a sequence of interrogations of the unknown; it differs from art since Manet and Cézanne because it is "an art that was not an end in itself and practiced for its own sake." Its goal is "a Truth that exists, beyond and above appearance," and it is for this reason that all the great religious arts of the past have refused to conform to the experience of the eye that looks out on the world of nature.

Malraux begins, not with the art of Lascaux and Altamira, whose evident concern with the magical power of re-creating a world of appearance seems to demand some modification of his thesis, but with the art of the static civilizations of the East. This is an art of the night, of darkness, perpetually conscious of the presence of Death, perpetually concerned to release its subject into that other world where Time no longer enslaves. From this darkness of the sacred, art emerges with the Greeks into the daylight of the divine—and from this point onward Malraux becomes almost exclusively concerned with the art of the West. Admiration rather than adoration is with the Greeks the dominant feeling, and man, who cannot hope in this life to identify with the sacred, dark gods, recognizes within himself a spark that links him with the divine element in the cosmos. But once again, at the high period of Greek art, it is by the negation of appearance, by elevation to the sublime, the marvelous and the tragic, that the divine is revealed. In the Hellenic period the artist ceases to aim at the creation of the divine; he creates instead statues, objects of art, and through the idealization of the human arrives at the reproduction of appearance. In Rome eventually, for the first time, "the order of appearance ranked as the order of the universe, and appearance as *the real*."

After Rome the metamorphoses of art tend to turn the circle again, though it is not the same circle. Here one should emphasize that, though Malraux's idea of our own age as the first in which an appreciation of art from all ages becomes possible suggests at least a mutation—if not a strict progression—in understanding, he denies any progression in the quality of art. What we see is a series of metamorphoses, of changing forms, of changing ways of confronting that inexplicable other world which lies beyond Time. In the Christian world that arises after the fall of Rome these metamorphoses become dominated by changing views of man's relationship with God. The Byzantine artist expresses the infinite remoteness of God; the Romanesque artist expresses His presence in the whole of nature. But, while the Romanesque artist still wishes to induce adoration, the builders of the Gothic cathedrals desire to evoke the sense of communion, to reveal the City of God. The City shrinks; public worship becomes private devotion; compassion replaces Faith (as the Romanesque had understood it) in the great suffering Christs of the late thirteenth century; the age of the mystics begins, and, contemporaneous with it, we enter the fictional world of Giotto, where sacred scenes take place in a world that resembles the world of men. Finally, in Van Eyck, the artist seeks, not realism as the nineteenth century would understand it, but a means of bringing the sacred into the world of Time. Here the direct relationship between the artist and his subject begins when the Van Eyck portraits show their subjects not as spectators of religious events but looking directly at the painter. The easel picture, the painting as a work of art, is about to be born, and we are on the edge of the next great metamorphosis. For, while Van Eyck still paints Chancellor Rolin and the Arnolfinis "because they exist" and the Virgin because she "exists even more," the Florentines will paint "Venus because she does not exist." At this crucial point, with a Christian artist in Florence daring "to pit the images

of his dreams against those of the world of God," Malraux ends his book and prepares us for the succeeding volume.

IT SHOULD be obvious from this summary that what Malraux has been undertaking is a work dominated by a restricted view of the two millenia from the archaic Greeks to the appearance of Botticelli. He sees art principally in its religious aspect—in other words, in terms of the agonizing sense of man confronting Destiny which colors his whole philosophy. The influence of other elements—social, political and environmental—he tends to ignore or minimize, and so he necessarily leaves much unexplained. As a complement to Malraux's view one should read or at least bear in mind some author with a more directly sociological outlook, such as Arnold Hauser. Of course, I do not contest the validity of Malraux's arguments in so far as they concern the relationship between art and religion during the ages he is discussing; I suggest that there are other relationships we should not ignore. Byzantium and Egypt, for instance, were not merely theocracies; they were also the realms which developed the most rigid social systems and the most elaborate bureaucracies of their times, and the aloof images they made of their rulers and their Gods suggest a pattern of relations between men in this world as well as a pattern of relations between man and the other world.

This restriction of Malraux's view is, I think, connected with his aristocratic viewpoint. His heroic philosophy has much in common with medieval chivalry. There is the same emphasis on personal daring, on the defiance of Death to give dignity to life; there is the same glorification of the imaginary as led the troubadours into the absurdities of the Courts of Love and the proud heresy of the Cathari but also into the virtual creation of modern European lyric poetry; there is the same tendency to stress spiritual rather than material or psychological motivations, for the knight considered himself a soldier of God and the crusaders set up their kingdoms and plundered Byzantium in the name of religion.

The aristocratic element even enters into the way *The Metamorphosis of the Gods* is presented. Malraux speaks in the oracular tone, self-possessed, self-contained. He quotes no sources, makes no acknowledgments, and—though one seems to catch many elusive echoes—he gives the appearance of moving in a field of study where there have been no scholars since the days of Vasari. His style, as Gilbert Sigaux remarked when he reviewed the original French edition of *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, makes no concessions at all to the reader. It is deliberately written to the Happy Few, in a dense, elliptic and allusive manner.

Yet perhaps a deeper reason for criticism than mere density of style lies in the fact that one rarely has the feeling of Malraux standing before a painting or a sculpture and looking at it *as a painting or a sculpture*. He hurries on, flourishing his examples like manifestoes supporting his generalizations about art and life, rather than presenting them for what they are. This tendency seems more evident in *The Metamorphosis of the Gods* than in some of his earlier works.

Malraux, in fact, is too concerned with the wide view of art to be wholly satisfying as a critic, and yet too selective in his interpretation of trends to be a wholly satisfying historian. It is as a philosopher of art that he shines, but only if we consider a philosopher not as a man who gives a whole answer, but rather as a man who illumines that aspect of his problem which he is most capable of understanding. Malraux has his evident limitations and his view is partial. But all critics are limited and all views are partial. It is the intensity rather than the extensiveness of the view that becomes important once we have realized this fact, and Malraux's vision is probably the most intense among the philosophers of art in our age.



Flying Horses (c. 1908-09);
collection Toledo Museum.

The Centenary of Maurice Prendergast

A rich assemblage of his works begins its nationwide tour at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

BY LESLIE KATZ

"Accustom yourself to master things which you seem to despair of."

"The love you liberate in your work is the only love you keep."

"Art is the great stimulus of life—I find it year by year more desirable, and more mysterious."

—Notes in sketchbooks of Maurice Prendergast.

MAURICE PRENDERGAST, who was born in 1859 and died in 1924, deserves to be appreciated as one of those geniuses native to New England, such as the composer Charles Ives and the poet Wallace Stevens, who are at once social and

solitary beings, maintaining their originality in a conservative environment, as true to their society as they are to themselves, remaining a part of the community while effecting, not a rebellion or a compromise, but works of art. With a full exhibition of his work on view this autumn and winter celebrating the centenary of his birth, organized at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, he comes into wide fame at a time when his art is ripe for new understanding and appreciation, able as never before to extend the influence of its example.

Seeing in full array more than a hundred major works covering a career of forty years, one is struck by the consistency of his accomplishment. To some this consistency will seem highly limited, even artificial, because of its con-

strained, disciplined subtlety. To others, the appeal and attraction of his paintings will be found within and because of the limitations, in the intensity of his exploration of the technique and subject matter he set for himself. Though both technique and subject matter are admirably matched and confluent, they exist in his art as separate attributes or aspects of painting which have an air of just having met and become deeply infatuated with each other.

FOR example (and almost any example will do, from the beginning in the 1830's throughout the forty years), *The Cove* (1916), a late masterpiece: it is, or can be viewed as, a surface of intricate, fanciful, arbitrarily arranged forms that fit themselves one-dimensionally into a variegated background. Whether the forms are men, women, children, dogs, hats, rocks, mountains, land or sea, can be considered incidental to the fact of design, a dazzling arabesque of exquisitely colored and textured areas as devoid of questionable significance and redolent of acceptable perfection as a cloud formation or the configuration of a rock. Each area of color gives satisfaction by its contrast and arrange-

ment vis-à-vis other colors. The shapes too play a complementary role—a vortex of vertical forms are poised around a whitened center, while a full horizontal above appears to rule and hold the forms in order from on high, attracting them in a kind of suspension that makes what would otherwise be chaos a delight of arrangement, an illusion of stopped motion, visionary magic. The combination of colors and forms and texture and strokes has a strong and individual character, as definite as a distinct species of flower and as novel as a newly invented machine, a completed object of undetermined significance that exercises a contemplative hold on the imagination. One is aware of viewing a construction in the medium of paint, solid and monumental, built according to a conceived plan—as if Prendergast had intended the outlines to be built of brick, and the brush strokes of color that fill them to be formed of seasoned hardwood planks. Yet the technical achievement of the painting has another aspect of architectural paradox, for its effect is light, airy, the delicate insubstantiality of mediums such as light and air, not wood or stone. This is accomplished by means of a bland, seemingly casual application of colors that are mixed to match each other in a



Girls in the Park, Paris (1893); collection Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy, Andover.

The Mall, Central Park (1901); collection Margaret Sargent McKean.



Itinerary

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston	October 26-December 4, 1960
Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford	December 29-February 5, 1961
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York	February 21-April 2
California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco	April 22-June 3
Cleveland Museum of Art	June 20-July 30

The Centenary of Maurice Prendergast

special intensity, or more accurately, a special *mildness*, the reds, blues and yellows each ameliorated, keyed to one another and to the mood of the forms.

The Cove, if it were but this nameless decoration of patterned originality, an arbitrary mosaic or tapestry of colored forms, would interest and hold the attention with its mysterious communication of harmony, at once austere and delicious, divine and sensual. But the painting does have a name, and carries, at least to some viewers, an import that is not arbitrary, unyoked caprice, but instead an aspect of observation that informs the technique, lending a further dimension to its design. If one deigns to study the subject, what does one find? *The Cove* is a beach scene in summer. There is sand, very sandy-colored sand, as a base in the foreground, before a blue-green sea that ends against a horizon which itself rises, insubstantial, to merge at the top into a deep-blue tincture of firmament. To the left at the horizon line are the rocks that form and indicate the curve of the cove out of sight, its unseen openness contrasting and balancing the crowd of human figures disporting themselves and filling with the design of their bodies every bit of available space. There are mothers with babes in arms, girls doing each other's hair, children wearing wide-brimmed hats, conversations and solitary sunning, some people standing, some sitting, some in beach dress, others in street clothes. Prominent in the foreground is an alert dog, being patted. Out to sea, at the top and center of the horizon, is a single sailboat, its white mainsail and three smaller sails an idea of order, a miniature organization that by its placement and form reiterates with a toylike echo the larger sense of choreography and balance that informs the whole.

One way of praising the special strength of charm that emanates from *The Cove* is to say that Prendergast, as no other painter quite does, makes the import of the human face equal to the import of a circle of color, and the human form equally as abstract as the configuration of a rock. The spaces between his figures and the design left by the presence of the forms are as significant as the forms themselves, lending a curious, multidimensional flatness to the whole. His method has often been compared with tapestry, and sometimes with mosaic. He achieves a psychological and dramatic suspense by making subject matter a dispassionate dimension, giving it a dynamic importance equal to and on a par with technique.

THE effect he brings off in *The Cove* was a specialty he cultivated throughout his career. It is evident in *Girls in the Park* (1893), one of five small oils painted during an initial period of self-discovery in Paris. The two little girls with their long tressed hair and white starched dresses running through the park grove perform as much the role of white spaces obliterating the scene as they do figures filling it. Their slender legs are akin to the slender tree trunks. The green foliage is compounded with yellow sunlight, and the dashes of sunlight fall on the ground with the lightness of their footsteps.

He made himself the master painter of one kind of subject matter: public leisure. The picnic, the beach scene, the public square and public park, the populace in procession or repose were his chosen domain. Though he painted still lifes,

portraits and a few interiors, each painting fully realized and having the mark of his extraordinary talent, the majority of his efforts seem directed to the development and perfection, the depiction and celebration, of public leisure. His work is a modern expression of the concert in the open of Giorgione, the *fête champêtre* of Watteau, *le déjeuner sur l'herbe* of Manet, and the Sunday afternoons of Renoir and Seurat. The subject is classical. Eden regained, wherein the engagements of pleasure are noble pursuits, the innocent fruits of civilization.

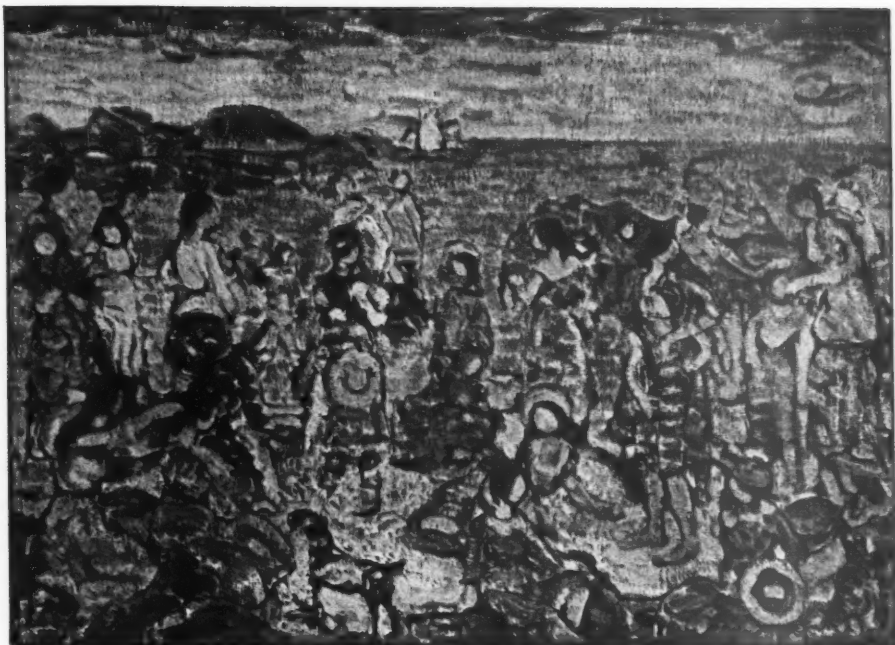
Though he cannot be said to have painted overt allegory, his work can be understood as symbolic, with rhapsodic and aspiring overtones, akin to Albert Pinkham Ryder's *In the Forest of Arden* and even to *The Peaceable Kingdom* of Edward Hicks. He may be characterized as "American" in his humorous simplicity and ecstatic sincerity; yet there is a cosmopolitan and international flavor that reflects his travels abroad and his study and participation in the art life of Paris at the turn of the century. While he shows influences at various times in the course of his lifetime (and he was always studying and experimenting), influences such as Whistler, Bonnard and later Signac, they are absorbed and integrated into his own strong and individual style. He was at home in Central Park, the Luxembourg Gardens, Boston Commons, streets of Rome and squares in Venice. His art spanned the distance and joined in spirit the famous piazzeta in Venice (with an awareness of Carpaccio) and the little Mulberry Bend Park in Manhattan (which Jacob Riis helped establish in an infamous slum). He created a realm for himself from the vantage point of a public observer, and brought regal status to the view of the world from a park bench anywhere.

His style was notably different from the other American painters known as "The Eight," who became his friends and colleagues. Unlike the work of Sloan, Henri, Glackens, Luks, Shinn, Lawson and Davies, various as they are, his painting is obviously "modern," in the constant formality of its terms and its technical originality.

THE Boston Museum of Fine Arts has performed a model service to the art of Prendergast not only by the thoroughness and excellence of its exhibition, but by taking the occasion, in co-operation with the Harvard University Press, to publish at the same time two volumes on his work. The catalogue, issued as a book, contains reproductions of every painting, water color and monotype in the exhibition together with a fine biography by Mr. Hedley H. Rhys. The second volume is a facsimile edition of a water-color sketchbook, with an appreciative essay by Mr. Peter Wick, of the Museum staff.

The water-color sketchbook gives one the experience of participating in the painter's first impressions. Light pencil outlines are filled in with water-color strokes of flowing tint. In a sketch by him, the *blur* becomes a means of precise delineation and evocation of place and mood. (As Mr. Wick notes, Prendergast sometimes draws with color.)

Reading the facts of his life in Mr. Rhys's tasteful and intensive essay, the first published account worthy to be called a biography, one acquires a new and deeper view of the artist and a fuller understanding of the intellect and



The Cove (1916) ;
collection Whitney Museum of American Art.



Picnic Grove (c. 1918) ;
collection Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

The Centenary of Maurice Prendergast



Carnival (Franklin Park, Boston) c. 1900;
collection Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

struggle that went into his painting. His existence, we discover, was an unending devotion and sacrifice to his work, which was the single great passion of his life. He lived on very little, with the help of his brother Charles and a few friends. During hard times he made money by assisting his brother in making picture frames (Charles Prendergast was himself an extraordinary artist and craftsman). Entirely deaf in the latter half of his life, Maurice was known for his gentleness and sweetness of character.

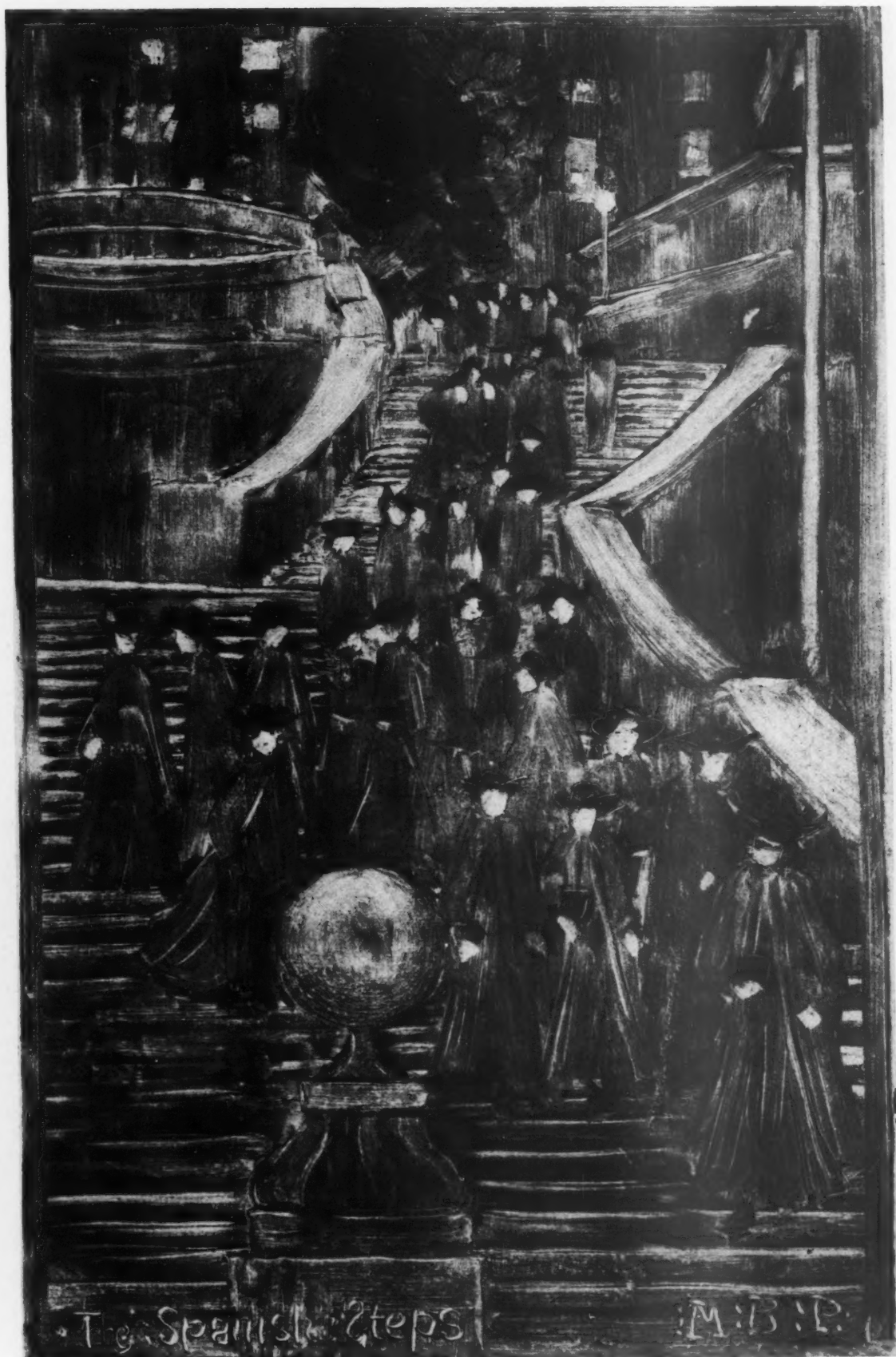
However, we learn, his favorite reading was Nietzsche's *The Birth of Tragedy*. Certainly his art is testimony to a sensitive, self-conscious philosophy of "joyful wisdom," the Dionysian temperament Nietzsche praised as being serene "beyond good and evil." Like Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Hawthorne's old hero Uncle Venner, Maurice Prendergast seems to have lived his life with a laconic confidence that if he took care to do his work the world would take care of him—if it did not he would cease to be, yet he could remain himself meanwhile. Dedicated, he lived frugally, in New England, in Paris, Venice, Rome and New York. From his vantage on the edge of society he created a central view. There is no trace of worry or anxiety in his art. It is, like his life, a rich design, a filled pattern, a harmonium.



St. Mark's, Venice (1898);
collection Mrs. Charles Prendergast.

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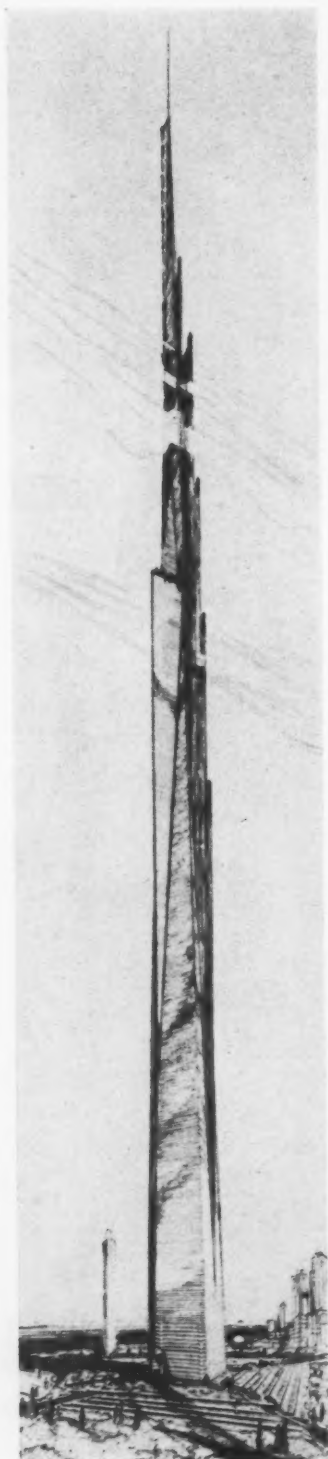
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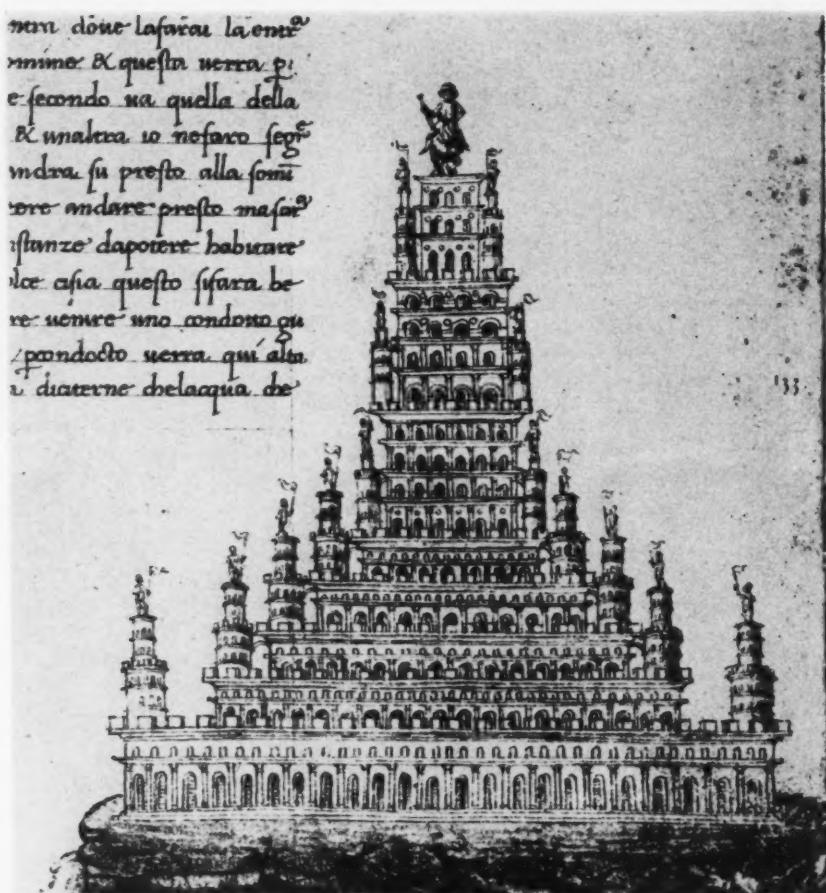
The Spanish Steps, Rome (c. 1898), monotype; collection Miss Leona E. Prasse.

Visionary Architecture

The Museum of Modern Art's show (through November 27) presents the "dreams" of architects against the "realism" of society.



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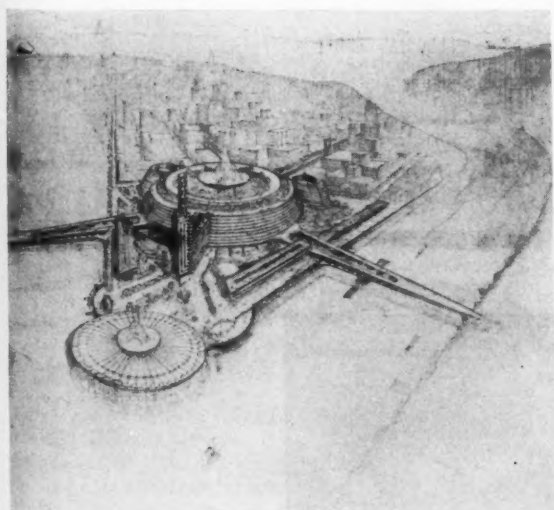


The Modern's current architectural show, directed by Arthur Drexler, is devoted to projects considered unbuildable for one or both of two reasons: they may have been technologically impossible to realize at the time they were proposed, or society lacked a program and purpose to support the architect's convictions. The illustration above presents a building for the imaginary city of Sforzinda, from Filarete's *Treatise on Architecture*. Filarete (Antonio Averlino, c. 1400–c. 1469) appears to have been the first man in the Renaissance to prepare a complete plan for an ideal city.

Frank Lloyd Wright's mile-high skyscraper, the Illinois, was designed in 1956. Wright explained that such a design is in reality most practical: ten such buildings could house the entire office population of Manhattan, leaving the surrounding area free for parks. At the center of the tower is a rigid steel core buried in concrete. This spine rises as a tripod from which floors are cantilevered. Transportation would be provided by atomic-powered elevators. The building could accommodate 130,000 people, 15,000 cars, 100 helicopters.

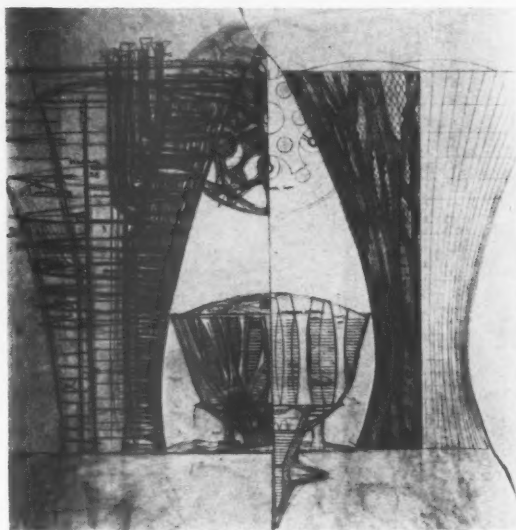


The eighteenth-century Venetian artist Piranesi produced far more than the Roman views and the perspectives of an imaginary and terrifying prison by which he is best known. An unusual project of his is the Academy and Civic Center shown above. This "cultural center" is actually a group of buildings one within the other, like Chinese boxes, its various circular colonnades adjoined by theaters, lecture rooms, steam baths, concert halls and innumerable chambers of uncertain designation but unquestionable splendor.

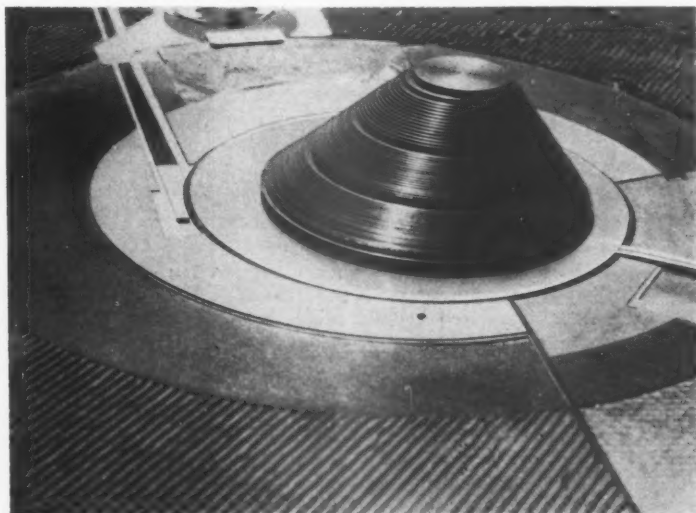


For the Civic Center he designed for Pittsburgh in 1947, Frank Lloyd Wright proposed an enormous spiral ramp, shrinking toward the center as it rises, so that the structure forms a truncated cone. At three points on its perimeter the ramp projects in buttress-like structures. Within the enclosure formed by the ramp he planned dome-shaped spaces for a planetarium, a zoo, a stadium, a museum, an opera house, a concert hall and theaters. Surmounting the whole are gardens and a fountain in an enormous glass bowl.

Mesa City was conceived last year by the Italian-American Paolo Soleri. The buildings are vast, bowl-like structures, their tops pierced with shafts for light and ventilation. Shown is a skyscraper designed to accommodate laboratories; the outer surfaces of this building would be hung with metal mesh filled with glass. A similar form is used for buildings comprising a Theological Center, wherein each building, however, is a concrete bowl without openings on its outer surface—closed to the outer world, but open to the sky.



In 1957-58 the French architect Jean Claude Mazet designed an Ideal City within a truncated cone. The hollow interior would accommodate factories; dwellings would be ranged along the outer surface. The exterior of the cone is divided into three main sections. At each division broad avenues encircle the cone. The setbacks on all other levels are of smaller scale. The cone is not symmetrical, since each level is offset. The park land surrounding the city includes airports, schools and a huge stadium designed by Le Corbusier.

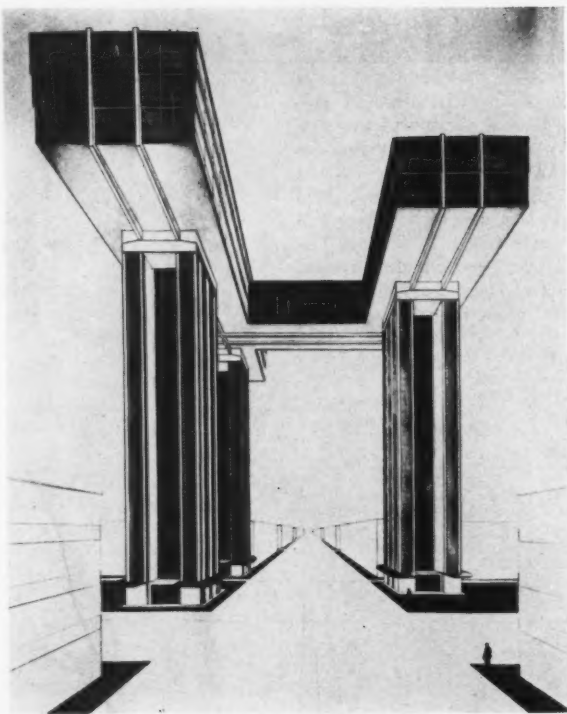


Visionary Architecture

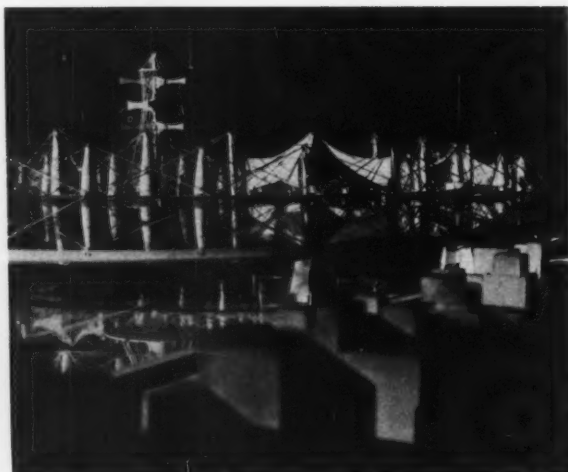
Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American architect, has been extending his concept of the "Endless House" since 1949. The structure, developing its surface as a twisting, continuously curved ribbon wrapped around itself, suggests sculpture more than traditional architecture. Columns and beams are eliminated in favor of a concrete shell. Within, the living areas are strictly defined spaces, not caves. The floors are level except at the rim, where they curve up into walls. The different sections can be closed off, or else opened up to form a single, uninterrupted space.



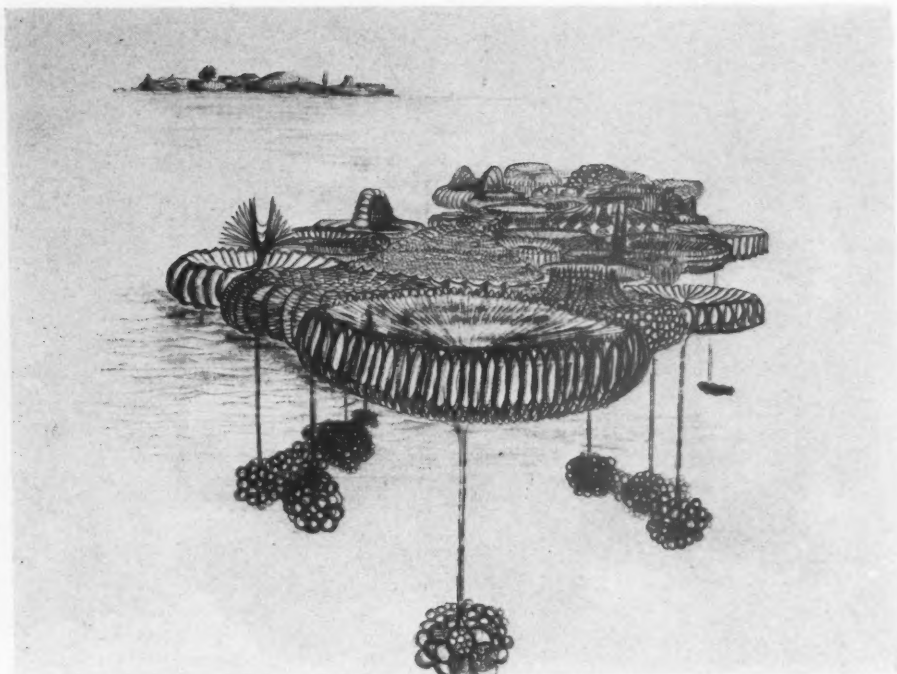
El Lissitzky designed his "Cloudhanger" skyscraper in 1924. Here the cofounder of Constructivism applied his principles of composition to the problems of traffic control in a Moscow he assumed would soon have too many automobiles. His vertical and horizontal skyscraper straddles a street intersection and was intended, perhaps humorously, to contain elevators which would carry automobiles to the upper floors; after driving through the building they would descend on the other side of the street. The project illustrates the assumption that buildings could be freed of the ground to flow mysteriously in the air.



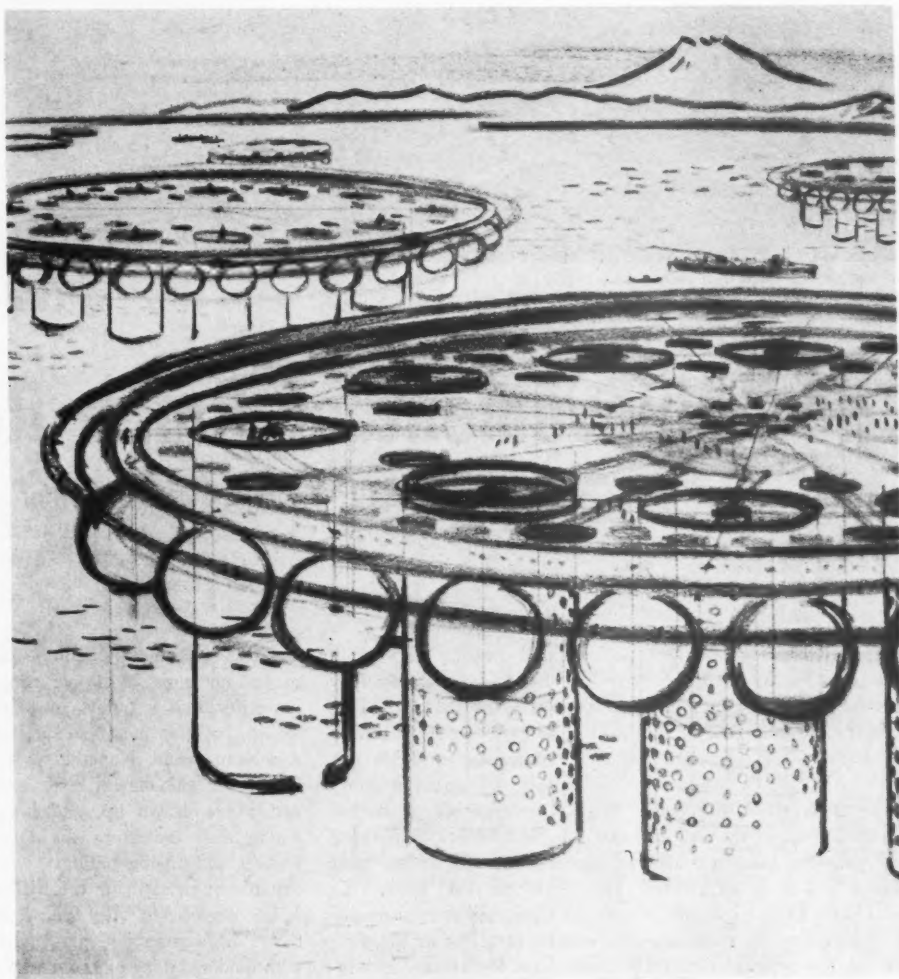
The Bridge City has been proposed this year by the Americans James Fitzgibbon and C. D. Sides. This project envisions an elevated bridge complex carrying tubular roads together with large-scale apartment houses for a hundred thousand people. Six thousand feet in diameter, the Bridge City is carried by two concrete piers on each shoreline. Suspended within the structural framework are vertical cylinders and diamond-shaped decks which serve as gardens and recreation areas. The central suspended hub contains shopping areas, an auditorium, office spaces and an operations center.

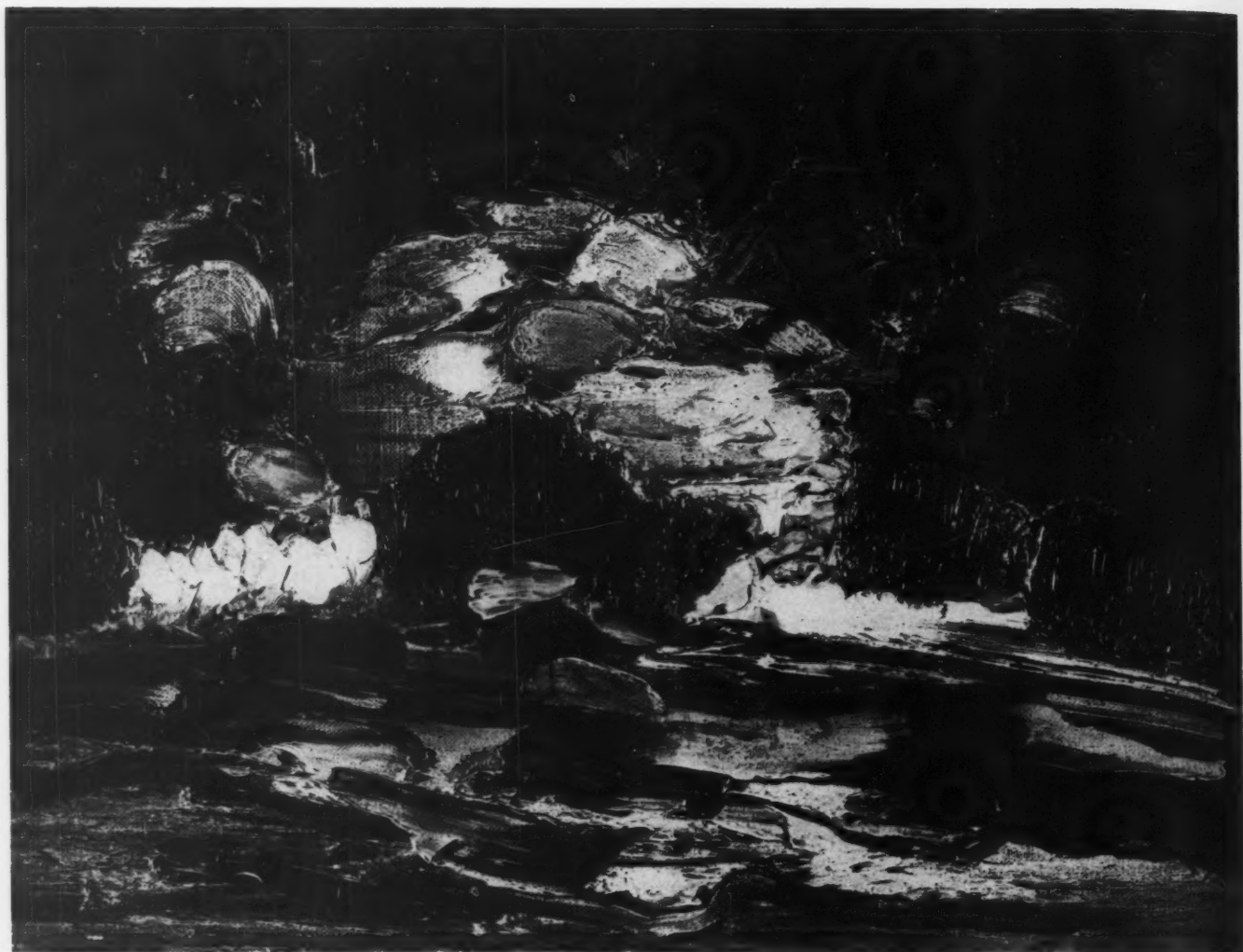


Chemical Architecture is proposed by the American William Katavolos. Recent discoveries in chemistry have led to the production of powdered or liquid materials which, when suitably treated with activating agents, expand to great size and then become rigid. Sufficient knowledge of the molecular structures of these chemicals, together with the necessary techniques, might lead to the production of materials which have a specific program of behavior built into them while still in the sub-microscopic stage. Here are some of the growth forms they might take.



This Marine City was recently proposed by Kiyonori Kikutake. Because the population of the world is rising so rapidly, and because Japan's problem in this respect will be among the most serious, Kikutake suggests that the Japan Sea be cultivated and lived upon. In this project pontoons carry a concrete deck like a raft. Piercing the deck and extending a hundred or more feet below the water are great concrete cylinders, lined with dwellings and other accommodations. Kikutake has also developed the idea of artificial land as a vertical wall, with houses hung against it.





Monhegan Island Seascape; courtesy Albert Landry Galleries.

The Achievement of Ralph Rosenberg

His recent exhibitions, at the Landry Gallery, offer the culmination of thirty intent years.

BY MARTICA SAWIN

RALPH ROSENBERG has been painting and showing his work in New York for nearly thirty years. He has had more than fifty one-man shows and has sold, sometimes at desperation fire-sales, virtually all the work he has ever produced, supporting himself almost solely through the small proceeds from his art. During the 1930's, while most of today's prominent painters were still involved with Social Realism or gradually assimilating the impact of the new European art movements, Rosenberg was painting animated all-over abstractions similar to what Pollock was to do on a much vaster scale ten years later. This was nature as he experienced it at the time, and it is to nature as he conceives it, rather than to schools or styles or theories, that he has remained constant throughout his career. His in-

novations have never made headlines, perhaps because they are means, not ends, in his paintings, yet he has been a persistent innovator, and is today one of the most truly original as well as one of the most accomplished painters on the crowded American scene. Nonetheless he is repeatedly overlooked or ignored in the official circles where the rosters of important artists are drawn up, and his enthusiasts are found mainly among those collectors who do not follow the lead of the taste-makers and among painters, who, better than anyone else, are capable of recognizing the real thing when they see it.

His neglect, in all fairness, may be said to be partly due to the circumstance of personality. Suspicious of entanglements with dealers, wary of those who would boost his reputation, he

has remained a maverick, eluding any form of implied dependency in his relations, rarely exhibiting twice at the same gallery and assiduously avoiding the cultivation of favor with anyone. His outspokenness, which is often eloquent and close to the mark, and his militant independence have given rise to a number of legends, some of them more amusing than others. Antagonism serves him as better protection than ingratiation, and it may well come naturally to one who, not yet fifty, is the battle-scarred veteran of the major engagements and the minor skirmishes which have been fought in the name of modern art in America since 1930, as well as of the more private struggles with illness and excesses, compounded by the vicissitudes attached to being an artist trying to survive and maintain his integrity in this country and this century.

Of Swedish parentage, and still something of a hardy Swede in appearance, Rosenberg was born on Ralph Street—hence his first name—in Brooklyn in 1913. Although he has painted in most of the states at one time or another, his base of operations has always been New York, where he has lived in a dozen or more lofts and apartments, the current one being an orderly fourth-floor walk-up over a furrier's establishment on lower Lexington Avenue. From his mother, who supported herself and her son from the time he was six months old, Rosenberg must have acquired some of that fierce habit of independence which has made him so on his guard against prolonged involvements. His mother earned her living working as a cook, and as a boy Rosenberg spent his summers wandering about the large country estates in Newport and Southampton where she was employed. These summers for the solitary child formed the beginning of that close communion with nature which has been the enduring source of his art. Winters were spent in New York, where he went to school, ending up at the High School of Commerce, where he won, by default, he says, a School Art League scholarship to Saturday art classes at the American Museum of Natural History. It was his fortune to have as a teacher Henriette Reiss, a painter of European background, who had worked with Kandinsky and who recognized something unusual in her young student. When the classes came to an end, she asked him if he really wished to continue school; when he replied in the negative, she said, "Very well, then we can begin to work."

For the next four years Rosenberg, as a combination protégé-apprentice in the European manner, studied with Henriette Reiss. From her he received not only a thorough technical training, but an intensive cultural indoctrination which included art history, literature and music. At the end of this time she told him that there was nothing more he could learn from her, and he was on his own—an artist in New York at the depth of the Depression. Soon he began to show his work—at the A.C.A. Gallery on 8th Street, in La Guardia's "Mile of Art" at Radio City in 1934, a first one-man show at the Eighth Street Theater in 1935, subsequent one-man shows at the Artists' Gallery, Nierendorf, Seligmann, Fried, Chinese, Willard, etc. He became associated with a group known as the "Wild and Woolies" or "The Ten," which included Gottlieb, Bolotowsky, Pereira, Schanker, Ben Zion and Rothko. He opened crates at Macy's, taught a little, sold some paintings, later checked coats and attendance at the Guggenheim Museum, and, whenever he could, traveled to different parts of the country to gather fresh material for his paintings.

IF RALPH ROSENBERG's mother had been able to afford music lessons for her son, he might never have taken a paint brush in hand, for music was his first love, and his early ambition was to be a violinist. Music still is of such importance in his life that, apart from his easel and work table, his superb hi-fi

equipment is the dominant feature in his spare studio-living quarters and his record collection one of the few personal possessions in evidence. His ear for music is exact and his standards exacting. He relishes a good concert, but must be certain in advance of the quality, for quality is what the artist demands, not only of music, but of his painting, and he will spare no effort to attain that combination of insight, poetic feeling, imaginative invention and precise execution which quality encompasses. Just as he recognizes a flaw in a passage of music he can detect an indecisive stroke or an irrelevancy in painting, and he is not indulgent of any such casualness in his own work.

How does the painter achieve his finely integrated end-product in which stroke and form coincide so precisely while retaining the look of spontaneous execution? Few action painters can wind up with so little that is extraneous; few representational artists can command nature so incisively, yet so movingly. First—and this is terribly out of date in a day of huge pots of paints and housepainter's brushes in paint-spattered lofts—he lays great stress on his materials, buying the best canvas and tubes of oils, arraying them neatly beside a clean palette. Next to it stand several jars holding such an assortment of palette knives as one would have scarcely believed existed—tapered, rounded, pointed, broad and slender—deft-looking little tools with which most of his painting in oil is done. Then, through years of experiment he has learned a good deal about various media and has developed processes which enable him to achieve glazes and transparencies and a succulence of paint which defy analysis by even the most technically knowledgeable of painters. These are secrets not to be divulged; the mention of alchemy struck a warm response, as if he felt that the mysterious science of transmuting base materials into something precious was appropriately applied to the transformations he effects with paint and his desire to make of each painting a precious object.

In describing his method of working, Rosenberg says, "I'm thorough and I'm a planner." He may think for weeks and even months about a series of paintings he is about to undertake. He observes, contemplates, reflects, works out paintings in his head, and when he starts he knows, not what he wants to do, but what he is going to do and how he is going to do it. There is room, of course, for improvisation, but for the most part the paintings are worked out in detail in advance. For several years he has been planning a series of figure paintings (his last figure paintings were shown at the Davis Gallery in 1953) which he expects to start soon, and he knows that one day, given time, he will combine figures and landscape, to which he looks forward as "the dessert."

This exact advance planning of a painting is possible only because Rosenberg is so closely attuned to his perennial subject, the natural world. He is able to translate his subjective experience of it into a mental vision of such clarity that there is no fumbling, no trial and error, when he comes to set it down on canvas or paper. We have become accustomed to paintings whose evolution takes place before our very eyes, as it were, which conceal nothing about their process of formation or which take for subject that process itself, or on the other hand, paintings executed according to the dictates of a theoretical program so rigid that the results are often sterile, or at the least, non-painterly. Rosenberg's paintings are neither. The execution is direct enough to convey a sense of the immediate and spontaneous, but it is so much to the point that the stroke which reveals action also becomes the intended form and falls with ease into its place in the over-all scheme. Underpainting and glazing are likewise handled with such finesse that they enrich without any semblance of contrivance.

The Achievement of Ralph Rosenborg

The paintings which Rosenborg showed a year ago at the Landry Gallery and most of those in the small retrospective of the preceding season at the Passadoit Gallery may be roughly classified in two categories: floral paintings consisting of clusters of small strokes or dabs of color in rather formal centralized arrangements, and landscapes or the combination of land and sea, based mostly on the painter's visits to Monhegan Island. The former treats the manifestations of nature's phenomena in minuscule through the repetition of small units building up to a single mass in a contained or closed type of composition, while the latter type deals with the dramatic interplay of natural forces in a more open and dynamic composition. These separate themes overlap in such paintings as *Landscape with Floral Motif* or *Sky and Village* and in the paintings referred to as "nature fragments," which are groupings of color shapes on a single plane delimited by an encircling line.

There is a strong centralizing tendency in much of Rosenborg's work, that is, a recurrence of a centrally located nucleus, isolated from the peripheral areas of the painting, which lends a certain formality and at times suggests a ritualistic quality. While most obvious in the floral paintings and nature fragments, it also prevails in some of the Monhegan paintings where the action is concentrated about the central mass of the island and the corners and peripheral spaces merge into a kind of backdrop. This type of composition, with its attendant effects of isolation and suspension, is apparent, although not consistently so, in much of the earlier work, including the small paintings of solitary figures against dark, opaque grounds, in which the sense of isolation is pronounced. Although he appears to be partial to the order and clarity of the central focus or concentration, Rosenborg often composes his works very differently, as in the group of water colors from 1937-41 belonging to Harry Abrams, in which the delicate skeins of line and color washes play over the entire surface, or in some of the Woodstock paintings, densely filled little checkerboards of houses, foliage and hills.

A good example of the floral paintings is *The Overburdened Tree* (1959), with its oval mass of luxuriant blossoms swaying the slender trunk on its supporting tripod of roots. The medallion of blossoms is formed of thick petal-shaped dabs of paint, whites, tinged and streaked with madder and blue, suggesting the heavy, vellum-like blossoms of dogwood or magnolia. The sense of the miraculous in this wonderful burgeoning forth of bloom is heightened by the way in which the tree is made its own source of illumination, shimmering, like snow against the winter night, on a deep blue-black ground. Very different in

mood is *Flowers from an Island Field*, with its common bouquet of what the artist refers to as stinkweed, strewn on a shaggy slate-gray ground which reinforces the notion of the flowers' plainness. Twisting, elongated strokes of white like a shower of daisy petals are mingled with yellow and orange streaks and touches of blue and green in a loosely knit configuration which bears out the random and informal quality of the bouquet. Each sharp white stroke has its distinct character so that there is no monotony to the repeated shapes, and the shifting groupings of the petal strokes suggest in ensemble an animated dance.

Rosenborg's Oregon series of 1951 includes some of his finest works, imbued as they are with a sense of the vastness and grandeur of the Northern Pacific regions, but it is in his more recent Monhegan Island paintings that he reaches a culmination of his work to date. Here the paint treatment is at its most forceful and various as it summons up the agitations of the sea and plays off the light and movement of sea and sky against each other, using the small bulwark of rock and fir trees as a pivotal point. The sky of *Monhegan Island Seascape* is a burst of light like a sunrise with soft, winglike rose-tinged clouds—Rosenborg structures his skies as attentively as the solid portions of his paintings and has made entire paintings of the cavernous night sky—whose color is caught up in the waves below, setting off the sea surface from its hollows and darker depths, all concisely given with clean and deliberate strokes. The pronounced materiality of the paint which gives the surface its attractiveness without laying primary stress on it and the coincidence of paint-touch with pictorial element, as well as the descriptive role and expressive character of each touch, give the work its multilayered significance—as a rendering of a climactic moment of nature, fluid, yet fixed; as a brilliant play of paint-touches; and as a gemlike object, precious for the very richness of its substance and color.

Rosenborg's gifts, as one painter put it, his "inborn sense of beauty," his unusually sensitive perceptive faculties and his unerring sense of craft are brought to the fullest realization in these recent works. Their brilliance is echoed in the water colors of his exhibition this past month at the Landry Gallery. Each work surprises with its fresh insight and vision, as well as with the breath-taking quality of the performance. Whether a work is cosmic in scope or the tiniest floral fragment, each partakes in the lyric celebration of the beauties that are in the natural universe and in the artist's eye. It is affirmative painting, and that in itself is a cause for gratitude. Rosenborg's credo, "personal integrity of purpose, a simple humbleness and a sufficient set of experiences," so devoid of bombast and pretension, yields a harvest of rich rewards.



Land of the Bright Sun (1951);
collection Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Bruno.



Hill and Sky (1959);
courtesy Albert Landry Galleries.



Flowers from an Island Field;
courtesy Albert Landry Galleries.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

THE exhibition of thirteen portraits by Lovis Corinth at the Frumkin Gallery (October 31–November 30) is remarkable on several counts. It brings us one of the major German painters of this century and the last, and one whose *oeuvre* is still unknown to those of us whose firsthand knowledge of painting is derived from what we see in New York or Paris. It focuses on the more genial, less obsessive aspects of Corinth's achievement—though it must be said that the geniality of German painting is not the matter of delicate sensuality and intellectual elegance one finds in French painting and in all art that derives its values from French aesthetics. The spiritual comforts of German painting are few, and Corinth's art is no exception; if one responds to its particular brand of intensity and fidelity, it is rather because it conveys so very exactly—so nakedly—as profound a discomfort of the spirit as our own. The Frumkin exhibition is limited to portraits of the artist's family circle, a few commissions and related subjects. It was a brilliant stroke, I think, to bring us this particular view of the artist's work at this stage in our ignorance of Corinth's whole life's work. There are none of those lacerating self-portraits that always force one straightway into a discussion of Corinth's personal crisis and thus into *psychology*, that swamp from which the criticism of German painting never returns with all its faculties intact. There are none of those Biblical and mythological pictures that somehow force one into judging Corinth by a kind of Wagnerian standard—a standard upheld in the work of Beckmann and Kokoschka by their superior gifts for poetic invention, for fantasy and coherent symbolism, but which Corinth, substituting obsession for poetry, only rarely attains. In seeing Lovis Corinth as a portraitist, one is very likely seeing him at his best.

Corinth, whose dates are 1858–1925, is not in any meaningful sense an Impressionist, though he is often classified as such in the official histories. Dr. Selz was correct in remarking (in his study of *German Expressionist Painting* a few years ago) that



Lovis Corinth, *Mme. Corinth at Luncheon* (1902); at Frumkin Gallery.

"the violent force and sensual quality in his work show a far greater affinity to Rubens than to the more serene Monet." In the history of style, his art is parallel to that of Sargent and Henri in America; theirs too is an art that bypasses Impressionism and modernism, though it draws on some of the same historical sources as modern art. On the basis of several pictures in the Frumkin exhibition—*Mme. Corinth at Luncheon* (1902), *The Artist's Children, Thomas and Wilhelmine* (1916), *The Artist's Mother-in-Law, Hedwig Berend* (1916), and the *Portrait of Mr. Beyer* (1917)—I would judge Corinth to be a greater painter by far than either Sargent or Henri. In American portraiture, only the best of Eakins and Copley equals or transcends Corinth's achievement. Yet Corinth shared in the same artistic past as a painter like Henri: Hals, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velázquez, Courbet were their common masters. The great difference is in sensibility and experience. Corinth, one feels, suffered life at a deeper level and was able to transmute more of his experience into art. Henri was more the observer and less of a visionary.

It will not do, either, to put Corinth down as a precursor of the Expressionists. He *was*, but it is beside the point. Corinth still inhabited the closed world of European civilization. It was smothering him and he knew it, but he could turn nowhere but to his own aggravated mental state, to his hallucinations and obsessions, to find a way out, and this, after all, was the path prescribed by German Romanticism. The Expressionists broke with this convention: that was their modernism and their optimism. In turning to primitivism, they forged a weapon against the wreckage of European culture; the primitive became a standard by which the whole life of feeling was to be judged, and it judged life harshly, at times even viciously. Between Corinth and the Expressionists there is a cleavage of the spirit as well as of the generations. The Expressionists dreamed of a liberation of the senses, of a renewal of life in a more direct and unfettered concourse with nature. Whitman and Strindberg were their gods; Bohemianism was their mode of life; the image of naked men and women bathing together in the life-giving sun and sea, their characteristic fantasy.

Against the unclothed bodies of the Expressionists—representing a hope perhaps, more than a realization—we have Corinth's favorite habit of painting himself in a medieval suit of armor. The physical constriction, the solitary and unnatural confinement that this old dream of glory imposes on the body and spirit, is both a measure of Corinth's distance from the Expressionists and something more: a clue, if you will, to the kind of interest he brings to his portrait subjects. The personalities who appear in these pictures are enclosed in something like the same kind of solitary confinement of the spirit; their armor is their experience, which marks their faces like scars and gives them each an irreparable identity. Corinth triumphed when he was forced to "read" these scars and bring them into a meaningful, expressive relation with all that he knew about the art of painting. He was a poet only where life provided the script. His *Portrait of Mr. Beyer*, the smallest but for me the most memorable picture in the Frumkin exhibition, is one of the most piercing and terrifying portraits I've ever seen. Its power is in the depth and complexity of its understanding: of the unfortunate man who was its subject; of the resources painting might still command for such an occasion; of Corinth's own mind responding to a personality that must have closely resembled his own. A heavy sadness, a kind of moral defeat, a darkness of temperament hang over all the best of these portraits. These must have been the persons Corinth knew best and comprehended the most intimately; for that reason, perhaps, they disarmed him in a way that profited his art. There



Lovis Corinth, *Portrait of Mr. Beyer* (1917); at Frumkin Gallery.

MONTH IN REVIEW

was no need for posturing here, and there is none. Wounded and anguished as they might be, most of the persons pictured in these portraits shared Corinth's intimate world. We are, in a sense, eavesdropping. It was only when he faced us that Corinth put on his suit of armor. These are not Expressionist portraits, but they tell us a great deal about the necessity for Expressionism that was felt so profoundly in the generation which followed.

IT IS A difficult matter to do justice to the individual artists who have contributed to the two exhibitions called "New Forms—New Media" at the Martha Jackson Gallery. Almost anything one might say in their favor would constitute a reason for their not participating in shows of this type at all. The first exhibition took place in June; the second installment (September 27–October 15) has apparently been staged for the benefit of those who went off to their summer retreats too early to profit from the revelations of the first. From a public-relations standpoint, the second exhibition is probably a mistake. This is the kind of show that is much more exciting to hear about, to talk about—alas, even to write about—than to see. Its success depends very largely on its ability to administer certain shocks to one's nervous system, to one's taste or sense of humor, and that is a kind of success it is difficult to repeat. Only an audience completely taken in by the publicity of the thing could respond to it more than once. The second time around one can only respond to the *art* that has somehow found its way into a show consisting for the most part of meretricious non-art.

But such a response—to *art*, that is—seems out of place here. Art, as such, is clearly not the point; and yet one is left all the same with a distinct impression that it is only the work of a few serious sculptors—Nevelson, Chamberlain, Stankiewicz, Zogbaum and some others—that saves the whole affair from being a complete waste of time. Between them and the other contributors to these two exhibitions there exists a difference not only of quality and degree but of *kind*. It is the difference between poetry and journalism; between a permanent grasp of experience and the effort to turn rhetoric itself into a substitute for experience. Like most journalism, the bulk of the work in the "New Forms—New Media" exhibitions cannot be looked at twice, and this is true not because of the ephemeral nature of the materials employed (though it is clear that several works could scarcely survive being moved out of the gallery), but because the material itself has at no point been submitted to a conception that is sufficiently compelling to sustain itself as art. The plastic arts are lacking in a precise term for what I can only call the journalistic mind, but we should not confuse the lack of a name for a lack of the thing itself. It is becoming increasingly important for us to find the means of making the kind of distinction I have in mind and which exhibitions of this sort (which are now proliferating at a rapid rate) make necessary and urgent.

The difficulty of the matter is underscored by a comparison that must have occurred to a number of people who made the round of last month's New York exhibitions: I mean, between the "New Forms—New Media" exhibition at Jackson's and the annual exhibition of the New Sculpture Group at the Stable Gallery (September 27–October 15). A number of the most accomplished sculptors in New York were represented in both shows, and yet as artistic events the two exhibitions were radically different in outlook; each generated a quite separate moral atmosphere, and might even be said to have acted as a kind of criticism, as a point of exception and rebuttal, on the other.

The New Sculpture Group is an informal alliance of the liveliest sculptors on the current scene; its exhibition is concerned to show new work that truly represents, at a level artists themselves can respect, what contemporary sculpture is actually creating. There is no air of theory or cultural apocalypse in a show of this kind; instead there is a clarity of focus, an access to the individual artistic statement, at times a purity of insight into the conceptual world of the sculptural mind, that one cannot help being grateful for. An exhibition like the New Sculpture Group's, despite its weak spots and inevitable failings, addresses us on the assumption that we all live in the world, that our sensibilities are alert to the problems and possibilities of our own lives; that if we are interested in art, particularly art that is often difficult and complicated and unforeseen in its references, it is because we are used to making connections between art and experience; that making such connection is absolutely necessary to the life of consciousness. This is its modesty: that it assumes we are all *conscious*, that we are all capable, in one degree or another, of a certain poetry of mind; that our mental grasp of art is not a series of stillbirths in a void. The modesty of such an exhibition consists of its twofold sense of confidence: a confidence in the *work* of art, and confidence in the *experience* of art.

The "New Forms—New Media" show, on the other hand, is clamorous in the manner of all events that are anxious about their effect on public opinion. Every connection, every meaning, every last nuance and suggestion is labeled, defined, packaged, huckstered and sold before our very eyes. For all its ballyhoo and posturing and brave words, "New Forms—New Media" seems to have very little real belief in itself. Its poetry, its history, what one might call its technology, are stated and restated as garrulously as a TV commercial lest we fail to "get" the message. Part of this tendency may be accounted for as a holdover of the Surrealist mentality. The Surrealists, it will be remembered, were publicists of the irrational and the unconscious; they were always telling us how poetical our human faculties were just below the level of reason and consciousness, and yet they proceeded to define and isolate and sloganize the meaning of this poetry with the air of a theologian delivering a sermon on sin. A philosophy that espoused automatism and irrationality refused to leave anything to chance; its meaning had to be publicized and politicalized. It became a campaign waged for public opinion, rather than an art addressed to the individual sensibility.

The "New Forms—New Media" exhibition, for all its material innovation, follows the same course. Mr. Lawrence Alloway, in his essay for the catalogue called "Junk Culture as a Tradition," writes very prettily about the civilizational implications of the show: "The source of junk culture is obsolescence, the throwaway material of cities," etc., etc., but he seems not to be aware that every remark he makes about the *materials* of this exhibition applies equally well to raw junk that has not suffered the attentions (not always improving) of so-called artists. Junk is interesting; it *does* tell a symbolic story of our civilization. But what has this got to do with art? It is what the artist *makes* that is interesting; the rest (to paraphrase a famous poet) is "literature." Many of the assemblages of junk at the Jackson exhibition have no more connection with the *work* of art than those pieces of driftwood that people used to take home from their summer vacations. They looked so jolly "artistic" sitting undiscovered on the beach; it was a "creative act" for one's eye to hit upon them. With the benefit of Mr. Alloway's prose, one might have thought them the "throwaway material" of the sea. But what a bore; what an irrelevance; what a lack of interest in the real thing it finally reveals!



New Sculpture Group: from left to right, sculptures by Noguchi, King, Sugarman, Konzal, Dehner, Stankiewicz, Nivola, Hunt, Wilson, Schlemowitz, Teller and Chamberlain. At Stable Gallery.



"New Forms—New Media II": works along wall, from left to right, by Chryssa, Little, Oldenberg, Goodyear, Mallory and Terry; in front, from left to right, works by Ginnever, Whitman, Zogbaum and Kaprow. At Martha Jackson Gallery.

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Margaret Breuning:

A new richness in Tunnard's work . . . Goodman's mastery of steel . . . portraiture by Dormandi . . . a Glintenkamp memorial . . . Anna Meltzer's varied art . . .

PAINTINGS by John Tunnard have been shown previously in our galleries, but the present large exhibition of his work seems to mark an accomplishment far beyond the remembered one. His work appears to have gained a sensuous richness and a wider range of color. He has drawn his subjects from an inner vision rather than from his environing world. Yet he has never lost touch with this outer world; even if it does not furnish him with themes, his intense observation of it enhances his themes with response to visual experience. It is the felicitous blending of inner poetic vision with a dispassionate and active intelligence that gives an inescapable quality to his work. He appears to have continued to enlarge his pictorial expression in greater complexity both of color and intricate design, finding in this intricacy the imagery that is consonant with his conceptions. Creative imagination and an apparently unflagging inventiveness account for works of differing, yet equally appealing characters. *Fulcrum*, set against vibrant whites and blues, conveys a sense of latent power in its heavy form; *Impasse*, a shadowed landscape including crumbling pillars and broken car rails ending in a water's edge, displays the artist's ability to mold these indefinite forms into an organic whole. In an amusing *Self-Portrait*, the artist appears from behind a canvas, dark spectacles a prominent feature of the face, with only a slice of figure below it—perhaps intimating that the artist is always behind his work, as indeed he is. *Wasteland* in its dreariness and symbolism calls for T. S. Eliot. A tipping diagonal across *Departure* invests the canvas with movement. Acutely outlined planes (one in brilliant red) cut by linear patterns suggest a serious preoccupation with complex organization. (Durlacher, Nov. 1-26.)

SCULPTURE by Sanford Goodman included in a group exhibition last season attracted immediate

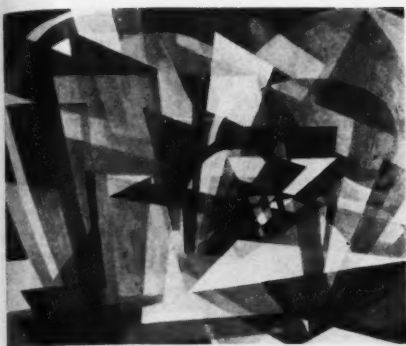
interest and commendation; now his work forms a one-man show attaining a broader range of expression, yet retaining the same impression of original conceptions remarkably carried out in a personal technique. The artist's medium is steel, which he uses to build up designs by lanceolate shapes that often protrude in a salience of spiky planes or reach upward in a dense cluster, an actual sheath of leaflike forms. Yet each piece of sculpture is a variant of purposeful arrangement. One rather large piece, *North*, is a convincing presentment of a ship sailing to some destined port, heavy in mass and slow in motion. *Fledgling* suggests a young bird struggling to use its wings. Its awkward grace (if that combination may be tolerated) is realized implicitly in economy of detail. In much the same simplicity and clarity of expression, *Cactus* presents the essential character of fleshy leaf and stem and bristling textures. A large piece, with a long horizontal slash of broad planes as well as the usual smaller ones, is entitled *Musa Dagh*, embodying perhaps the character of those "forty days." *Cologne* gives a condensed representation of that city's famous cathedral, its spires towering up rather tremulously from its once-proud structure. It is all the work of an artist who, triumphing over the difficulties of metal-working, has translated an aesthetic impulse into these forms. (Contemporary Arts, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)

OLGA DORMANDI is holding a second exhibition of portraiture, which confirms the impression of her first one, an impression of her sound craftsmanship and a fineness of perception that bestows distinction on all her work. She has happily retained a nuance of Impressionist technique in her painting, a delicate fusing of light and color that enhances the charm of her portraits in the tones of youthful flesh and in the light colors and textures of the costumes of the sitters. The artist models form solidly, and she possesses as well the ability to hold an entire design within a linear pattern. Her penetration of the personality of her sitters and her absorption in it are far removed from the modern "Narcissus complex" which leads an artist to strive to reveal his own personality, whatever subject he paints. Her portraits are free from self-consciousness and seem to have caught the sitters in some momentary pause in activity, natural to each one: a young girl leans idly out of a window; a grave youngster holds a cat in her lap; another kneels beside a flowing stream—all unposed in natural bodily gesture. Some portraits display a frequently observed trait of children, a rapt absorption which



Henry Glintenkamp, *Green Landscape*; at James Graham Gallery.

John Tunnard, *Take Off*; at Durlacher Gallery.



Anna Meltzer, *Synchronization*;
at Collector's Gallery.

appears oblivious of immediate surroundings, as though they had entered a world of their own. In addition to the portraits concerned with young girls, there are portraits of youths, invested with vitality and appeal, such as *Mark Merriman*, a boy curled up on a sofa reading, or the engaging renderings of *Tad Pennoyer* or *Tod Root*, masculine portraiture that holds its own in this garland of girls. (Portraits, Inc., Oct. 4-22.)

LAST season we were given an "écho du temps passé" by the Graham Gallery's showing of works selected from past exhibitions of the Society of Independent Artists; it was an astonishing reminder how swiftly water flows under the bridge in the art world. The same gallery has now held an exhibition of the paintings of a member of that organization, Henry Glintenkamp, which further revives the character of that period in a memorial showing. The artist reveals both divergences from traditional technique and reliance on it. The harbor canvases are carried out in Impressionist patterns of light and color in a vagueness of forms and substance, yet achieve handsome designs that retain the traditional respect for composition—foreground, middle ground and depth clearly recognizable. In *Roof Tops* another approach is apparent, a concentration on the relation of sharply cut forms, foreshadowing perhaps the later techniques of Cubism. Another divergence is the landscape *Autumn*, carved out of the pigment in broad strokes, vivid reds and yellows appearing arbitrarily only in some of the gouged-out earth masses. An able portrait of a young man and some small, yet well-considered paintings are further included. (James Graham, Oct. 4-29.)

AN EXHIBITION of paintings by Anna Meltzer produces a brilliant effect through the handsome color patterns of the canvases; the handling is robust and vigorous, creating richness of textures and varieties of linear movements, while displaying that surety which indicates that the pictorial idea and its means of expression are in harmony. The majority of the paintings in the exhibition confirm the artist's ability to organize designs—in a juxtaposition of sharply contoured planes either vibrant with glowing color or possessing a luminous incandescence—into a controlled relevance of complex detail. There are other aspects to her work. One example of the variety is *Inter-related Structure and Divergent Paths*, in which nonobjective forms are intercalated, cubes and squared pillars possessing mass and structural soundness that create relations of spatial depth and extension in an all-over scheme of black and white. A departure from the vehemence of much of the color is an upright panel showing delicate gradations of color in the rounded forms that build up its design. (Collector's, Nov. 14-Dec. 3.)

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John von Wicht, *Gray-Red-Black*; at Bertha Schaefer Gallery.

IN THE GALLERIES

John von Wicht: A veteran painter who has undergone a constant initiation into the alleged "variety" of modern art, Von Wicht has now achieved those economies of means which are perhaps inevitable to an artist whose roots are sunk in Cubism. And the logic of their development to this point informs the vibrant interplay of free strokes of selective color, mostly on dark grounds. Theirs is not a witless dance in the void. The best of these new paintings are distant cousins to those later Tomlins which entertained a freely invented written style. Von Wicht's manner, which harbors no influence by this artist whom he knew well, is more aggravated and more dramatic. The strokes break off suddenly and unexpectedly, the shapes are far more irregular when they go beyond elemental graphic symbols, and they are less inclined to keep their place as the artist leaps about the canvas preserving order by adding a short bar here, an abortive arabesque there, laying in a wriggling splash there. Black-and-white paintings predominate, and a number are painted on slender, lengthy scrolls, where their Oriental flavor becomes more pronounced and where they tend to seek variety in atmosphere, to verge on a condition resembling shapes less like calligraphy and too near to nature. Other artists have reached a comparably advanced stage much faster, but none have the formal assurance that has come to Von Wicht through experience. (Schaefer, Nov. 14-Dec. 3.)—S.T.

Nathan Oliveira: Oliveira shares the malaise of the French Existentialists who have reacted to

their belated discovery of the universe's indifference by defining themselves in relation to their loss: man's absurdity, with one final solipsism, establishes meaning; God never existed, but his loss is cause for pessimism anyway. Oliveira uses an advanced abstract technique—De Kooning's is most abundant—to deny one of its primary implications, the sufficiency of direct visual means and the impossibility and redundancy of projecting immediate personal emotion into the world. The small, excoriated figures in bleak space express their isolation but pervade and form the surrounding world anyway. The abstract premise is denied visually as a technique and affirmed emotionally with an expression geared to a rejection of isolation. It is a fractured and untenable position even if believed in and developed as seriously as in Oliveira's work. But as well as something awry in the idea there is much good painting: *Rocks, Surf and Seated Man* is an expanse of discreetly divided gray centered on a highly textured and expressionistic man with crossed legs—many of the forms created by the arms and legs of the figures are novel—a man colored spasmodically in orange, dark gray and tan and who gathers in a purple form from the void over one shoulder. (Alan, Oct. 3-22.)—D.J.

Robert Keyser: The fact that these paintings are completely abstract does not contradict the fact that they are also too realistic. Their abstraction is a cultural occurrence; contemporary painting is abstract. Their realism results from the

artist's taking only one step away from an object's visual appearance toward its essence, and then combining such single steps into a random encyclopedia of the modern world. The feeling of urban life comes through the way it does if we flip through the *Daily News*: as a profusion of specific but incomplete and virtually unselected detail. Werner von Braun is overlaid with Kafka and Bud Powell, an I.B.M. machine flips its digits, a dog gets hit by a bus. All this happens once removed on the canvases. It is difficult to describe the variety of line, geometry, volume, splash, texture, spray and drip in each painting, or how specific they seem in such sharp opposition. Even the unnatural forcing of the paint seems fitting in such a context. The anthology characteristic of the paintings is like our cities, fascinating but exhausting. (Rosenberg, Oct. 24-Nov. 19.)—L.S.

Neglected Nineteenth-Century Masters: This exhibition offers something in the way of redress to a number of French artists who have been regarded as minor figures dominated by the great Impressionists and Post-Impressionists. Among them Louis Valtat, Adolphe Monticelli and Emile Bernard have in recent years been the subjects of renewed interest, but by and large what is advertised as a "new look" shakes very little dust from the reputations of most of the artists assembled. The largest single representation is by Maxime Maufra (1861-1918), whose best example, *The Bay of Douarnenez* is quite a good painting by an artist who seems

otherwise indecisive. Caillebotte with a Renoirish pastel self-portrait, Pettitjean with a Pointillist landscape. Lemmen with his realist sentiments disguised by his Pointillist overlay immediately invite comparisons that seal their fate. Maurice Denis's *Classical Landscape* puts on green and pink airs, while Metzinger, who is really a twentieth-century figure allied with Cubism, was academic even in Fauvism, the style in which his little landscape is painted. But brimming with modest Expressionistic individuality, Valtat's still life, *Les Aubergines*, casts its own shadow in a group whose case on the whole has been fairly tried by history. (Hirschl and Adler, Oct. 4-20.)—S.T.

Al Newbill: In his recent work Newbill has changed his course of action—which is almost an ideological pun. For previously his unbridled style sought out all the Impressionistic niceties. There was an amiable randomness to his slithering bits of color and a pervading tonal unity that absorbed his restlessness. Much of that restlessness persists in these new paintings, but Newbill's efforts at organization are more conscious, and, ironically, he arrives at something very much like doctrinaire "action" painting. The dance of color is ended, the tonal veil has been lifted. A green splattered next to an orange, then a blue, then a wriggle of white lose all their overtones in an ensemble that changes them into signs by making them elements of structure. There are canvases divided into simple, sliding masses in which line and plane do not bind but oppose each other as movements to roughly the same extent that the artist resists the sensuousness of his previous work with earthen hues. In that work he was more himself. (Parma, Oct. 4-22.)—S.T.

Pure Abstraction—The Classic Image: In this assemblage of tried and true names of American abstract artists are many works which splendidly characterize the theme of the show. But as often the case with theme shows, it is not so much the idea but the paintings themselves which are the real reward. The classic black and white Daphnis; the pure vehicle that Albers makes of orange; an early Cavallon that despite its adherence to the strict discipline of abstract formula has a tactile surface quality; a large handsome painting by Jeanne Miles; and works by Diller, Xceron, Kelly, Mason, Smith, to name a few—these are notable works. In addition the show provides examples of working drawings and collages for many of the paintings. This show, unlike the one called "Construction and Geometry in Painting" at Galerie Chalette last year (ARTS, May, 1960), is not comprehensive enough to allow a complete survey of geometric painting in this country, but it is noteworthy in that its exponents are well chosen and the importance of this kind of painting is reaffirmed. (Stuttman, Oct. 5-Nov. 5.)—H.D.M.

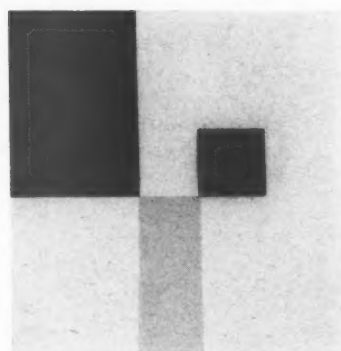
Childe Hassam: Impressionism was for a number of American painters like Hassam the artistic force that freed them from the provincialism of nineteenth-century American art. Hassam willingly absorbed the impact of the French school, but kept his head. This exhibition spreads across the years 1885-1906 (he died in 1935, aged seventy-six), and one can measure the extent to which Impressionism matured his precocious talent by comparing *The Barnyard*, painted when the artist was only twenty-five, with the other twenty-two works that yield swiftly to Impressionist influence. *The Barnyard* is an utterly sober, factual work already out of doors but not yet *plein air*. Nor is Hassam fully immersed in the technique in the portrait of his wife painted four years later, in 1889, in Monet's Paris garden. But *Moonlight, Cottage and Cats* of 1910, a rural French scene, fully arrived at

the personal synthesis in which Hassam retained both his sense of composition and feeling for mass. He used the style to re-create rather than analyze light, but was nevertheless open to color. If he lost it in the winter mists of New York he regained it in New England, where he could find a coast line that doubled for Monet's Etretat. (Babcock, Nov. 7-Dec. 3.)—S.T.

Terry Frost: British abstract painting is to the American brand as an adequate California table wine is to vintage French Bordeaux. The difference is not so much in the grape as in the soil. A British painter, having his first one-man show here, Frost is a capable vintner of the abstract who, like his colleagues, Heron and Hilton especially, have felt the impact of American painting—only to acclimate it to understatement. Frost dangles lines erratically from bowed arcs or pushes at them with colored masses so that they gather like an accordion or stack like an ailing picket fence. Occasional extended slabs perforate these masses, which carry color schemes that are alternately warm, acid or cold. Frost has to be seen in quantity so that the weight of his signs can impose their consistency on the observer. The hardening of Frost's arterial framework is consistent with an emphasis on orderliness, and it makes the paintings intelligent but hardly increases their intelligibility outside of the fact that their consistency makes the signs seem pointed and purposeful. But the composition—and the typically British understatement—does not penetrate the act to the point where it can deeply affect the character of the signs. (Schaefer, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)—S.T.

Karel Appel: A gradual shift in Appel's independent affiliation with Expressionism is apparent in the paintings, gouaches and lithographs of 1959 and 1960. An indecipherable *Loving Couple in a Storm*, done in 1958, appears as a mound of wide red streamers divided by ones of grayed cobalt, blue and white which pile up from a flattened background of black, gray and white patches. Within the turbulent and flying paint there is a more or less normal sequence of surfaces into depth. The color, although possessing both strident and austere overtones, is full and sensuous, mellow regardless of variation: cadmium red deep and medium, pink, blue of a similar order—an approximate combination of primaries, as often occurs. This relates to Soutine. Equally distant, the recent paintings are in a familial context with De Kooning and Hofmann. They are more open, their weight is lighter, they have acquired more lines, and their color nears dissonance. The spatial disposition is more uniform; in one painting a central solid gradually spreads until it is splayed flat on the canvas, in contrast to the serried contours and final wall of the 1958 painting. The problem is now the difficult one of maintaining a distinct image and form while coherently joining it to its background so as to avoid one altogether. An arc like a tail whirls up from a spatulate shape in *Black Landscape* (1959); gray and black are interspersed with vermillion, an astringent combination which is complicated with full reds and blues scraped to a cold translucency. The modification is progress; Appel requires the added subtlety, and will need more, since—to acclaim by summit comparison—his idea of space and means is not as substantial and integrated and thus unique as either Soutine's or De Kooning's—but he has the extensive knowledge to make it so. (Jackson, Oct. 25-Nov. 19.)—D.J.

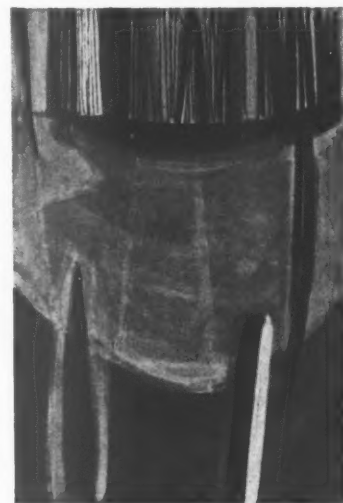
Picasso Graphics: All of Picasso's many "periods" are reflected in these eighty-two examples of his graphic art, in all media, ranging over a fifty-year period. The dry point of a chubby saltimbanque was done in the same year,



Burgoyne Diller, *Black and White*; at Stuttman Gallery.



Childe Hassam, *Moonlight, Cottage and Cats*; at Babcock Gallery.



Terry Frost, *Lemon Yellow*; at Bertha Schaefer Gallery.



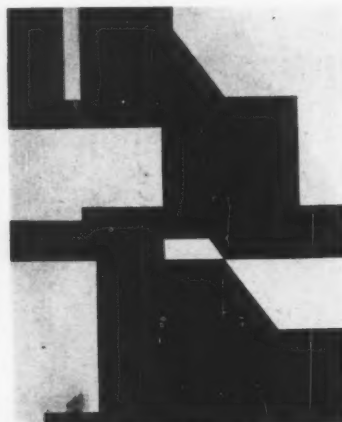
Karel Appel, *Loving Couple in a Storm*; at Martha Jackson Gallery.



Robert De Niro, *Portrait of Dora*; at Zabriskie Gallery.



Rosemarie Beck, *The Sleepers*; at Peridot Gallery.



Sidney Tillim, *Fifth Painting*; at Cober Gallery.



Marsden Hartley, *Kinsman Falls*; at Valente Gallery.

1905, that Picasso painted his "pink period" masterpiece, *The Family of Saltimbanques*; the gaily pictographic bullfight scenes in colored crayons were completed in 1956. If comment at this point is superfluous, it is at least interesting to observe the changing significance of graphic art in his oeuvre. Where the earlier pieces were adjuncts to his great achievements in painting, his newer graphic work demands increased attention as its scale more and more suits the frivolity or indulgent ease that has overtaken his painting. For Picasso has become increasingly a more "graphic" painter—a development that is paralleled here by comparing the magnificent charcoal head of a woman from his classic period, circa 1921, with any of his shorthand studies in colored crayon and lithography of recent vintage. A single painting, *Femme Reposant* of 1940, serves to mark the turning point, since it is already an echo of the powerfully plastic distortions of the figure that he painted in the thirties. Incidentally, the asking price for the painting is \$30,000; for the charcoal *Classic Head*, \$25,000. (New Arts Center, Oct. 3-22.)—S.T.

Robert De Niro: De Niro's boldness as a composer and his knowing way with radical coloration enforce a certain coherence on the often disparate or antithetical elements in his painting. Thus the flat treatment of a face and its broadly drawn features and the sporadic use of flattening contour lines are combined with the rough modeling of other elements and a dramatic if ambiguous handling of space, and the brusque brushwork of the action painter is played off against passages of fluid drawing, and formlessness against the stability of given objects. Many of the new paintings are still lifes—a familiar repertoire of objects, the classical bust, a jug, a vase of flowers, fruits, patterned materials, perhaps with a chair in the foreground establishing a more immediate connection between viewer and still life, making the still life part of habitable space rather than just an arrangement. In fact the notion of arrangement applies not at all to De Niro's still-life canvases; objects are mere points of reference in a turbulent play of motion, light and color which make of the whole canvas an environment, animated by the profusion of clashing colors and shapes. While objects lose their inanimate property, figures in De Niro's series of bathers are immobile and trancelike. Astrangely colored in orange, violet or red on olive-green grounds, their limpid, two-dimensional forms smoothly encompassed by dark serpentine line, they are less flesh than elements in a composition. By such reversals of conventional anticipations and by his antic color and restive fluency, De Niro manages to pace himself ahead of his audience and avoid a hardening of his style. (Zabriskie, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)—M.S.

Rosemarie Beck: In seeking a figurative style that would be viable in a world obsessed with abstract form, Miss Beck would seem to be re-painting Cézanne after the very nature revealed to her by him. He regarded himself as the primitive of the "new" art, and in turn Miss Beck's striking, ambitious representational paintings constitute a challenge to "traditional" abstract art even as they affirm its essential formal argument. Miss Beck paints with a mosaic of bluntly cubic strokes that dispense with negative, illusionistic space through their treatment of shadows as positive shapes. This permits her to introduce a structural discipline, yet leaves her free to manipulate her realistic forms in an abstract way. Miss Beck does not practice color divisionism, and her own rhythms are classic rather than baroque. Her subjects center on the home, or at least an interior world where, for instance, three variously disrobed women can represent a mythological theme—*The House of Neptune* (or *The Sleepers*). Her still

lives display the casual lived-in clutter whose implicit sentiments are more obvious in the study of the father helping his son with his lessons. The space of this "intimacy" is sharply recessive—that is, it follows the principle inherent in her basic stroke by receding to great depths plane by plane, each of which starts at the surface. The sensation of depth is enhanced by the technique of placing a motif clearly in the foreground, the globe of the world, for instance, in the large still life which skips from the table on which it rests to another with some books and then to a map whose Mercatorial flatness, interestingly enough, is to the globe as the surfacing of the picture plane is to the actual volumes involved. Miss Beck's painterly mosaic, leaving color pretty much in its local state, has not yet completely engaged her content, which may explain why she inspires, for the moment, more intellectual than emotional identification. But this is a show everyone should see. (Peridot, Oct. 24-Nov. 19.)—S.T.

Sidney Tillim: The paintings from 1953 to 1957 are strong geometric ones; during the course of 1957 Tillim began a representational style which he has continued to the present. The change was a serious mistake. Previously he could advance; currently he is in a historical cul-de-sac. While the early paintings are laudable in their style, the wide membership of that style and its present point of conclusion undoubtedly caused constraint. But plane geometry has provoked and is retiring before a spherical one concomitant with greater freedom and particularly, as occurs in the work of Ellsworth Kelly and Leon Smith. Tillim has foregone any similar development. Most of the realistic works have little structure and color, and all have the necessary contradictions of any belated style. *Large Still Life* of 1960 is partially excepted by a distinct organization and is apt for comparison because it probably derives from *Fifth Painting* of 1955. The latter is devised of two ultramarine-cobalt blue right angles, which, equal and above one another and complicated with overlappings, interruptions and continuations of red and white, repeat on a diagonal toward the upper left corner. It is rigorous and intelligible. The use of a white bar and a red band to conclude the contrapuntal ascent of the blue, or the placing of one or two short diagonals (in different colors) away from the central diagonal, gives an example of the work's subtlety. The overlappings and tabs of color, analogous to unfolded cartons, are somewhat unique. In the still life a small right angle of a vase and a pear moves back on its corner toward a larger right angle, within the picture's upper right corner, composed of an urn and a cloth; flowers connect the repeated angles and continue the drapery to the far edge. The salient difficulty of the painting, reminiscent of Gauguin's *Puppies* in format, and of him, Cézanne and Fauvism in execution, is that the composition has no connection with the uptilted green floor or table behind it, which merely develops soft local darks, lights or space as reinforcement. The still life is negligible beside its first version or beside an impressive vertically banded maroon and black casein. (Cober, Sept. 27-Oct. 15.)—D.J.

Marsden Hartley: Still another Hartley exhibition—there were two last season—might indicate any number of things about the realignment of tastes, collections and market values, but Hartley remains indomitably fascinating in his variety. He moved Europe, Provence and divisionism to New England, where his palette cooled but his cosmopolitan ambitions remained evident. Hartley's late landscapes writhe within a vise of bold rhythms whose angular jackets of black function as a form of repressed chiaroscuro—a Baroque in chains. The water plunging down the rocks in *Kinsman Falls*, one of the most powerful works

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in this collection, is rounded and folded like a billowing sheet. There is some of this too in the earliest paintings here, landscapes from 1922-23, including a "recollected" New Mexico scene, and it also shows up in the *Dreiterspitze* of 1933-34, where his fever for broad, moving masses is frozen in the many jagged points of the mountain. In between, some of his tension abates in the use of heated, Gauguinesque color in a painting of *Mont Sainte-Victoire*, and after a few negligible works (he produced some very bad paintings) we come to an unusual theme for Hartley, a study of Christ, with its upward tilt, similar to the way he painted churches, restrained by the angular drawing. (Valente, Sept. 28-Nov. 5.)—S.T.

Sahl Swarz: This is mature and considered work, nearly fifty pieces of sculpture, most of it cast bronze with some works in welded metal. There is an element of searching through various idioms for a suitable style—in *Nomads* or *Father and Son*, for example—but Swarz has largely developed a personal imagery of his own, particularly in the tree-personage forms which figure in a number of the pieces. The smaller versions of the theme revolve about two of the larger pieces in the exhibition, *Tree of Oracles II* and the initially striking *Prophet in the Wilderness*. In the latter, the figure of the prophet is dwarfed amid unheeding human and tree-trunk forms, giving the work a momentary effectiveness. But it succeeds a little like a stage set, as the illustration of an idea rather than as a working of forms in space. The distinction perhaps can best be seen in the handsome *Gilgamesh and the Spirit of Enkidu*, where the two forms—the one modeled, the other suggested by a series of overlapping slabs of metal—create a sense of movement and space which works formally without falling back upon the originating idea. What is impressive about much of Swarz's work aside from the careful workmanship of his pieces, is his ability to invest the figure with a sense of presence even where the formal success of the work is sometimes questionable. It is an ability that applies not only to the larger pieces, but to the many smaller works like *Old Man on a Balcony* as well. (Sculpture Center, Oct. 17-Nov. 19.)—J.R.M.

Joseph Stefanelli: There is a feeling in these canvases of mellowness and repose. It is as if the quality of the sun-softened stone of Roman buildings had permeated and been reconciled to the necessities of American Abstract Expressionism. The paint is applied with skill and restraint. Stefanelli uses as a compositional motif large squares of color which are keyed close; the edges blend, texture is minimized, and pinks, blues and grays force a kind of over-all neutrality that is colorful and tranquil. In *Via Vantoggia P.M.*, warm, pale hues of orange and ochre are organized so that the structural device is implied but not apparent. More vigorous and less Italianate in feeling despite its title, *At Ponte Margherita* is like an atomic blast, violently ascending squares of black and reds off-balanced on one side by a sweeping panel of yellow. (Poindexter, Oct. 31-Nov. 19.)—H.D.M.

Dorothy Dehner: Working exclusively in the lost-wax method, Miss Dehner shows a collection of bronzes small and large (from a foot to about three feet) that despite their mythical inspiration and abstract conception are fundamentally architectural in orientation. The pieces are constructed of small rectangular slabs joined together at irregular intervals. Sometimes the construction is vertical, as in *Septenarius*, like a corner block of skeletal office buildings; other works sprawl horizontally, like an ancient Chinese bridge. Several pieces called landscapes are hung from the wall; it is as though one were looking at an excavation of an ancient labyrinth. All are complex structures beautifully finished in a dull-

gold patina with surfaces that are scored with lines, the imprint of a personal and mysterious hieroglyphic. (Willard, Nov. 1-26.)—H.D.M.

George Romney: Emma Hart, who became Lady Hamilton, was a fascinating eighteenth-century beauty whose affair with Lord Nelson was tragic for them both. Romney (1734-1802), completely taken by the former blacksmith's daughter, painted about fifty different portraits of her, four of which make up this intriguing exhibition. She is shown twice as a bacchante, once as Medea and once as Mirth. It is not difficult to see why men were drawn to her. She was the embodiment of the dawn of Romanticism, and Romney's impulsively broad style, impatient with trifling detail, matches her in temperament. Romney had studied the works of Correggio during a visit to Italy in 1783, ten years before Lady Hamilton entered his life, and the Mannerist affinities of his style are evident, though it has a sweet and literary tooth. Lady Hamilton's coyness as a bacchante and her anger as Medea are the merest simulations, but Lady Hamilton herself, partially undraped, is painted lustroously and with great simplicity, her trailing red hair luxuriant against the subordinate landscapes that filled out the Eden of Romney's fascination. (Duveen, Nov. 1-Dec. 3.)—S.T.

Abraham Rattner: This show of recent oils follows on the heels of his retrospective exhibition last year at the Whitney Museum and his well-publicized stained-glass window for a Chicago synagogue. The latest works seem to indicate that Rattner is moving away from the style to which he has accustomed us, although his colors still have the same jewel-like transparency. The forms, however, are large and loose and less contained. *Rock and Roll* (1955), two figures in warm color, is characteristic of his earlier period. *Sag Harbor* is a violent, dense composition. The paint is laid on thickly with a palette knife. Despite the heaviness of these small slabs of warm color, there is a surface delicacy. *Moses I Am* (1958) is painted in a large, blocky manner reminiscent of a playing card, though of course oversized. Most of the more recent paintings were done in Paris, and this probably accounts for the recurrent theme of gargoyles. *Gargoyle No. 8* is a strong vertical composition in oranges, blacks and reds. With this one painting Mr. Rattner belatedly makes his vigorous bid for acceptance in the school of action painting. (Downtown Gallery, Nov. 8-Dec. 3.)—H.D.M.

Carl Holty: Anyone unfamiliar with Holty's life and work would be surprised to learn that this room full of dewy and untroubled paintings is not the work of a young poet. This is not to suggest immaturity, but rather the lyrical turn of mind often attributed to youth. Such ignorance as to his early work, and the resulting wrong inference, proves unwisdom on all counts; it also makes audience participation hard. But it can, at the same time, sharpen the faculties of the reviewer, whose function sometimes resembles that of a professional palm-reader anyway. Here then are poetic blots of diaphanous color which overlie each other now and then. Clear, clean and expertly applied, the thin pigment seems never to have been touched again after it left the artist's hand, and the pictures could be made of colored tulles. There is no drama; all appears sunny, guileless, wholesome, though there is possibly something shrewd in all this effortlessness. One striking arrangement of two elongated green and blue forms that scythe across each other, with a segment of orange rising from the bottom right-hand corner, makes a skillful concert of color. (Graham, Nov. 1-26.)—V.R.

Joseph Kagle, Robert Cowan: It has been suggested that we have reached the point where



Dorothy Dehner, *Bridge for Li Po*; at Willard Gallery.



Romney, *Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante*; at Duveen Galleries.



Abraham Rattner, *Winter Composition*; at Downtown Gallery.



Carl Holty, *Easter Morning*; at Graham Galleries.

IN THE GALLERIES

there is no more self-conscious revolting to be done against certain "outworn concepts" in painting, that revolt itself is perhaps an outworn concept. In Kagle's paintings and constructions, we cover a fair number of the older revolts. Besides being the head of a Pennsylvania college art department, he is an athletic painter of some talent, who offers a few large Expressionistic works, including a practically life-sized woodcut of himself, and a construction called *Controlage*, which works something out with the innards of a piano. The rest of his prodigious efforts are given over to collage-constructions composed of geometrically arranged wood slats, white-on-white toweling, jersey, tiles, and notes of paint. It is probably to be expected that someone who has spent so much energy studying art, producing art, and, of course, teaching it, should have so little real feeling for its creation. The constructions are the hardest to take, because they are just constructions, not objects in their own right, created from elements that, separately, are valueless. Possibly he is using the Philosopher's Stone to transmute his materials, instead of trusting more to his intuition. In Cowan's paintings, expression is more arbitrary than effortless. Forms are bloated, and the harsh colors seem just ill at ease with each other. (Art Directions, Oct. 22-Nov. 4.)—V.R.

Jesse Reichek: The continuity of process, the relationship of parts and the whole, and the ephemerality of our perceptions of both are Reichek's concern, according to his and others' statements and the more direct assertion of several of the best of his ink drawings. One of these, *12:16*, titled with time to the minute as most of them are, consists of eight irregular white ovals of varying sizes, two large and two small black ovals, and three white ones bordered by a heavy band of black; fine horizontal pen strokes fill in the areas surrounding the apparent positive shapes—the contrasts and the ink are used with much crispness and lucidity. It is soon evident that all of these are very different entities; Reichek establishes a unity that keeps the parts as independent as possible. The necessarily imminent change of such polar combinations produces a sense of transience. In *12:16*, to interpret the parts visually, as voids and solids, the whites are nearly voids, defined only by the more positive pen strokes, the blacks are solids seemingly immersed in the gray ground, and the white areas reinforced with black are obdurate and separate solids which resemble the voids, thus suggesting their ineluctable lapse to that state. The parts could be interpreted with a variety of relationships, but the fact that they are distinct and changing is constant. Saul Bellow, in an introduction to a book of these drawings, states their point well: "And after looking long at them I begin to feel that Reichek does not intend to catch the universe in his net of lines but to indicate that the universe rests very briefly in our perceptions and that we must not think we can fix it for any considerable time." *12:20* is a similarly intelligible drawing. The only objection to these is that their appearance is obliquely allied to that of Arp's work. Another kind, *4:50, 8:27*, is excessively amorphous and involves too many scribbling techniques, which occasionally become somewhat self-conscious. (Parsons, Sept. 26-Oct. 15.)—D.J.

John Purpura: The visual means of Purpura's paintings—patches of summery color placed centrally in fields of white—could easily lead into tasteful elegance. But there is a certain roughness to his forms, and a casualness in the painting itself, which saves the work from duplicating a successful formula. This and his willingness to try for new effects in color prove to be the striking assets of his first one-man showing. One thinks particularly of *Sun Rock*, where the slightly acrid yellows and oranges form a continuous and palpitating surface that is bitten into by a really

vibrant pink, or of *Cruciform*, where the pale peach and purple shapes are played against purposely understated areas of whitish blue. Purpura juggles his lozenge shapes together, or pulls them apart slightly, or allows the white ground to eat into the compact center for a variety of effects. He is exploring the formal possibilities of the style to which he has committed himself, and this seems a good sign for the future. (Phoenix, Oct. 14-Nov. 3.)—J.R.M.

Rhys Caparn: The naturalism of the mountain landscapes and of the herons is tempered by Brancusi's simplifications—a harmony necessitating a gentle and minor mode unconcerned with distinctions. *Bird-1960* and similar bronzes are preferable to the somewhat rudimentary *Path of Migration*, two small mountains movable on a marble base. *Bird-1960* is poised, wings out and heavy, and delineated in controlled running curves, such as the one on the right side from the beak, through the body and the slender leg, to the foot, or the long, swooping rear edge of both wings. (Meltzer, Nov. 1-26.)—D.J.

Hans Rawinsky: Although the inspiration for all these welded sculptures is religious, they are by no means so united in their appearance. Mostly in bronze with various alloys, they show a knowledge of the craft, but Rawinsky seems undecided in his method of expression. *Gothic 1960* is composed of rods, vertically placed, on which flat rectangular plates cluster with a somewhat Cubist effect. One or two other works resemble vegetable forms, composed of segmental shapes, and wreathed in hoops of wire: while still another—*Toward the Divine*—is a bulbous composition of thin brass plates welded together, the melted rods forming a decorative trim. This show could conceivably represent a succession of phases, but it hints more at a lack of the kind of confidence which stamps "style" on work. It is a pity, because Rawinsky seems to have every reason for at least a technical confidence. (Jewish Museum, Sept. 15-Oct. 23.)—V.R.

Frances Manacher: Over the years Miss Manacher has become increasingly involved with densely worked-up surfaces which were well within a tradition dominated by Rouault when they were the settings for grave images of piety and sorrow. Now the paint is as much a "presence" as the figure, and the work approaches Dubuffet. This recent work covers the final phases of an evolution which has carried Miss Manacher beyond the threshold of the avant-garde, a transition which has cost her the precision of her compassion. As her means have taken over the function of her imagination, there has come a loss of particularity, in the sense that the subtleties of feeling that shaped the indistinctness of her figures and heads are now less tangible, even though her shadowy forms are more discernible. The images run to stereotypes of the grotesque, sometimes resembling the feral specters of Dubuffet or the charred hulks of Richier. In one furnace of a canvas, life is obliterated entirely. The paint is as scrupulously worked as ever, frequently bitten and chewed like an old road. Light glimmers weakly in the atomized surface. The resemblance to (rather than influence of) Dubuffet suggests that what is lacking is some of the ghoulish humor which rationalizes Dubuffet's liberties with the image of man. (Mayer, Nov. 1-19.)—S.T.

Horia Damian: The generic aspects of Damian's paintings are a high tactile surface and, equally European but less agreeable, a combination of care and contrivance with crude and primitive—mock-elemental—shapes. The special quality of the texture is that it is not heavy or inertly material, as is common, but is patently quick and intelligent. Its vitality exceeds that of the awkward ovals and circles which it often com-

prises. Damian squeezes globules of polyester plastic onto the canvas, often in phalanges and rarely in conspicuous disorder; the liquid trailing the action, a kind of automation, forms tails on the globules, joins two into figure eights, or connects a larger, accented zigzag. The protruberances shed a thin wash of blue or red—generally one color to a painting—which congeals dark and opaque on the flat areas. The laconic and applied configuration is usually in white and hits only the high spots. These various steps seem too discrete. The last may be unnecessary. One dark-to-light-blue painting has a swept, nine-part grid of white, which, because of its geometric implication and mobile reactions to the edges of the canvas, enforces and appears integral to the vigor and sophistication of the surface. The two stacked central ovals of another work are strong in themselves as convex raked arcs glazed with alizarin but are exaggerated by the wide outline of flat white and the remaining zone of rust red. Something unostentatious and nearer the live matter would be an improvement. Damian is thirty-eight, is from Bucharest, has lived in Paris since 1946, has shown there, at the Galerie Stadler, and across Europe, and is welcome here. (Warren, Oct. 18-Nov. 12.)—D.J.

August Mosca: It is always good to come across a painter who deals regularly with essential problems, no matter what his success. Mosca's uncertain victories and obvious difficulties are partly the result of never evading these problems. The Italian-born artist, who studied and painted near New York, shows oils done over the last two years. The style is a mild abstraction of still lifes and figures, perhaps closest to Derain. Spatial compositions are usually very strong—so that it is easy to notice when they do fail to resolve. The colors are declarative, and when a wrong note is struck it seems to be right out in front. The painting of the nudes in the forest and the girl at the table, *Meditation*, both lack the feeling of personal involvement present in the other subjects. In *Mother and Child*, the tilting child's figure and awkward feet are more convincing, and the *Tomato Plant* is almost magic. Light is used as both a Surreal and formal element, and the still life moves toward the viewer with real intensity. (Salpeter, Oct. 24-Nov. 19.)—L.S.

Seventeen Estonian Artists: While the title might be that of a medieval lay, the show of nearly a hundred prints, paintings and sculptures by expatriate Estonians working here and abroad was undoubtedly contemporary. It was also of an extremely high standard. One was particularly impressed by Arno Vihailemm's colored woodcuts, with their beautiful interplay of thick, black lines, making a design as compact as a seal. Hans Tsirk, in five abstract charcoal drawings, handled black, gray and white until they became colors. Abel Lee made figures loom mysteriously out of the mottled surface of his monotypes. All these artists, while absolutely individual in their styles, were united in a certain restlessness in their designs. Of the paintings, Erik Haamer's four were outstanding, especially *North Sea Fisherman*, which was small but unforgettable. He caught completely the tension of men waiting for the shoals to run in a heavy sea, and grouped the figures in their flat caps looking over the side of the lurching trawler, as a wave rises to meet them, patterned with the white lozenges of fish. (Riverside Museum, Sept. 11-25.)—V.R.

William Ronald: Outside of their being finished off as an "image," Ronald's recent paintings have primitive geometrical qualities that generously antedate the painterly traditions with which they are combined. Almost invariably, they involve rugged checkerboard patterns whose large central inset encloses a cosmic sphere dabbled with paint and sometimes with scratchy lines

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which are signification without being explicit. The colors—terre-verte, white and black predominate—are of an elemental inertness, setting up the vitalistic center. The effect is that of an abstract painting set within a chunky frame of contrapuntal checks, an ambivalent posture that is exposed by such titles as *Wigwam* and *Navajo* on the one hand and *Eden* and *Spirit* on the other. Even where the ornamental aspect merges with the "painting" there is confusion—between painting a symbol as symbol and a symbol as painting. (Kootz, Oct. 25–Nov. 12.)—S.T.

Cy Twombly: Generous expanses of canvas have been alternately pelted with lumps of whitish paint and scrawled on with a soft pencil, seemingly at random. Numbers, doodles, a few literary references, occasional crayon lines, accumulations of creamy paint, scribbles and scratches are intermingled in studied disorder. The artist is reportedly a student of graffiti as well as of more sophisticated human scribbles, but he does not transmit any of that painfully deliberate and graphic quality which characterizes most writing on walls; the hand is clearly the same throughout and clearly a practiced one. We have long since become accustomed to seeing raw material labeled as art, have accepted it as necessary to the process of keeping values from settling. Twombly performs this service more gracefully and with more delicacy than most, and at his best he is genuinely diverting. (Castelli, Oct. 18–Nov. 12.)—M.S.

Taro Yamamoto: In his second show in ten months, Yamamoto displays certain improvements. Whereas before his work looked no more than spurted paint muted with sand, he now shows signs of building an image that might eventually become personal. Paint and sand appear in many pictures to have been premixed and applied as a paste, which has the advantage of not dimming the color as his previous approach did—a method which he reverts to in some passages. Headlamps of this bright paste are now beginning to cluster in irregular formations, separated by multicolored pools of paint, poured first and sanded later according to the old method, and from time to time he leaves a circular place bare, or just touched with paint. The better canvases look like tropical rock-pools in relief, with their water drained away. One feels he still nullifies the violent intention of his colors by attempting to fuse too many, making that nameless brown, which is a curious, academic, beginner's mistake in such sophisticated work, aggravated by the overcoat of sand. An outstanding painting is the fierce black blot ravaging a white ground, where the sand is effectively used (in this case) for its own natural color as a sprawling form along the bottom of the canvas. The two shapes combine into quite an angry Japanese landscape, in severe contrast with the rest of the show. (Krasner, Nov. 14–Dec. 3.)—V.R.

New Talent: In this, the fourteenth exhibition so named, the paintings of Mowry Baden, Leo Rabkin and Walter Gaudnek cause some speculation on the suitability of the title. Baden paints darkly and oilily in a strangely realistic manner, though the canvases are actually non-objective. At first glance *The Gate* seems to be an enlargement of part of a bone structure, a detail of a flayed ox perhaps. Examination proves this not to be so, but the eye, irritated by the first false inference, is lured on to make other, equally wrong guesses, all because the technique seems to insist that these are pictures of something; he seems to be describing form by light, by brush strokes, and even by color. Rabkin, on the other hand, paints unquestionably in a non-objective way, in gesso, oil and water color. He cuts up the canvas, stitches some of the pieces

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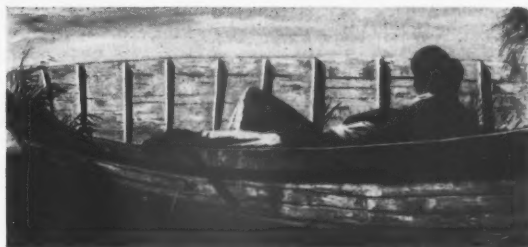
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IN THE GALLERIES

back in, and subjects both the body of the canvas and the gussets to a rather unattractive blotchy paint. His water colors are more relaxed; all are wet-looking, with explosive colors, and they have a more compact image which suggests a cavern. Gaudnek's black, white and gray paintings appear to be the most confident. Although he describes primitive symbolic forms mostly, *The Wedding* reminded one of Léger. (Museum of Modern Art Penthouse, Sept. 19-Oct. 30.)—V.R.

José Guerrero: Born in Spain in 1914, Guerrero came to this country in 1949. In 1953 he was included in a show of "Contemporary Spanish Painting." The following year he was listed among the Guggenheim Museum's selection of "Younger American Painters." An interlude in France apparently followed, because in 1955 he exhibited as one of "Ten Young Painters of the Ecole de Paris." The present exhibition would come under the classification of "The New York School" and is also affiliated with the "international style." Guerrero works with large, splintered color masses experiencing those conventionally universal collisions that wrench them violently. They thus avoid the passive, unbroken planes to which they might otherwise succumb. In a scheme that must be kept moving, color similarly travels light: blue, black and white; orange, yellow and black; red, black and ochre—all a little muddled up of course. Travel, it seems, does not necessarily broaden one's horizons. (Parsons, Nov. 7-26.)—S.T.

David De Long: This is an attempt to do something with racing cars in painting. De Long approaches them in much the same way that Degas and Lautrec approached the racecourse, that is, with an interest in the aristocracy of the sport. The car surrounded by mechanics in white coveralls conveys an excitement which one imagines exists in the pit during a race, and there is a portrait of a blue Coventry Climax with driver that is done with taste and sensitivity. He is also interested in the Clydesdales of the automobile world, showing them at rest with their crews, and working in quarries. The landscapes have some of the charm of English nineteenth-century landscape painting. But there are a few disappointing faults; mainly, he seems unable to place his vehicles and figures firmly on the ground, and his tentative touch does not bring out the "wheeliness" present in all good car design—as it has been described by a connoisseur of the medium. Perhaps he is too anxious to make his pictures aesthetically acceptable (which they are), or possibly it is just that his drawing is not yet strong enough—the figures eating around a truck are a little inept. (Selected Artists, Nov. 1-12.)—V.R.

Brianchon: Paris, the way sensitive older persons like to remember her, is the subject for these drawings and oils. The French artist's second New York show uses flowers, horse races and women in a way recalling many turn-of-the-century masters. But since these paintings were done during the last ten years instead of seventy years ago, a strange combination of today under yesterday results. The naturalistic subject seems to be often a colorless drawing, pasted over a spirited background. In two of the large paintings especially the pale Vuillard nude rests on a flag-striped drape of Dufy-bright color. The painting of the ballet dancers done in 1946 does not represent this opposition. An example of Brianchon's direct contact with the modern world appears in the views of New York, which are noticeably cold and stiff. (Findlay, Oct. 3-16.)—L.S.

Haim Mendelson: This is sensitive work by a painter who alternates between a broadly brushed, simply massed realism and a form of modeling suggested by Cézanne in which color planes

identify the turning forms of the mass. Mendelson seems to prefer the latter. Considering the nature of his subject matter—the home and the city and introspective portraiture—the former style would seem to be more suitable because it is more spontaneous. His are emotive impressions of light and atmosphere, and the simply handled *View from Brooklyn Bridge* catches the lofty impersonality of the sky line of lower Manhattan in an almost Intimist study. In his favored manner, he mitigates the more laborious constructive technique by allowing light to soften his forms. (Chase, Oct. 31-Nov. 12.)—S.T.

Jack Nelson: Exerting some pressure on one's sense of humor, Nelson's bizarre tin and wood constructions exploit to the full a taste for the primitivistic. Nelson is clever, satirical, but not very imaginative. His *Family Album* is a triptych of wooden leaves which fold compactly into an album of schematized tin portraits whose capped navels can be dropped down to become candleholders. Other witty moments are of a more aggressive, sexual nature, especially the androgynous sort of figure whose manifold parts can be opened or closed. When they are opened, love is a war with deadly, hostile weapons. But Nelson's figuration affects all the irony of humanized ready-mades without achieving it because his humor is so didactic that little ambiguity survives. *Optimistic Notions*, in which two pairs of breastplates have been tacked into the smooth hollows of wood, is fortunately free of the superfluous ornamentation that clutters an array of otherwise simplistic decorative fetishes. (Art Directions, Nov. 8-30.)—S.T.

Jennette Lam: What the Rouen Cathedral was to Monet a comfortable rush chair is to Miss Lam. A young and talented Connecticut artist, Miss Lam subjects her chair to a variety of both color moods and spatial and figurative attitudes. At one extreme her color is intimately vibrant, at the other splashed with sunlight yellows and greens. The degree of figuration waxes and wanes. Though Miss Lam handles paint loosely as a rule, sometimes too much so, successive reworkings may produce a fairly finished image, while in other instances the chair is barely discernible. It may occupy the entire foreground or be set deep in scratchy space; but the more attention it draws to itself as a chair the less successful the paintings are. For if the chair is singularized by a location other than the frontal, one's focus shifts from the idea of her painting to the object; whereas, in the beautifully sunny study of the motif set squarely front and center, the color process is granted an autonomy which in turn creates spatial proportions of which the chair is just one. Her studies with Albers have paid off handsomely. (Grand Central Moderns, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.)—S.T.

Jason Seley: The main source of the metal for this sculpture show must be by now the most common in the world: automobile bumpers. The sculptor uses other things too, and the emphasis on materials with their own strong character demonstrates pretty well how such objects can and can't be used for other ends. On the most elementary level there is a witty little piece with two inverted auto horns: *Two Hoots*. The humor depends upon the object's retaining its original identity in a new context. Then there is a group of semiabstractions representing animals, birds and humans, where the character of the car bumper is crossed and usually fighting with another character. When the result is humorous it only deserves about one hoot, and too often it is just inconclusive and weak. The best use of the material is shown in the half-dozen abstractions, where the true feeling of the shape is brought out and organized. Musical titles reflect this more serious purpose and *Fugue* is probably the best in the

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show. However compromised the Detroit originals are to begin with, they are an unconsciously honest expression of the present, and when Seley uncovers this the work has the flying dynamics of Brancusi and Lockheed. (Barone, Oct. 18-Nov. 11.)—L.S.

Ross Coates: The wall-size *Burlington Strip*, with its broad, somewhat ponderous rhythms and its large chunky and rounded shapes, forms the most expansive statement in this exhibition of abstract oils. It is the smaller works, however—*Anna's Garden*, *Fond du Lac*, *Jardin*—which seem the most continuously rewarding: more brilliant in color, working toward denser, tighter and more complex effects with their thinner, gracefully written strokes. They suggest a more painterly approach and perhaps a certain refinement. What is also important, they lose none of the vigor of the artist's broader style. They seem, in fact, to give it more force and point. (Camino, Oct. 14-Nov. 3.)—J.R.M.

Martha Webster: In 1958 Miss Webster won the Art Students League's annual MacDowell Scholarship, traveled the world on it, and is now exhibiting the consequent paintings. Her work is circumscribed twice—first, because she shows the influence of Edwin Dickinson so much, and secondly, because as unique and accomplished as he is, he is not a major painter. After that, and perhaps calling her work mild, let us say that it is rather good. The color, although muted, is distinct, and the structure is capable and omnipresent. Dickinson has a consummate sense of form which he curiously succeeds in teaching. *Grass Mounds* has the typical irregular yet formal structure and the odd equation of depth and surface; the landscape seen between the haystacks is modeled in the same sequence and with the same contrasts as the stacks; the negative space comes forward as a whole and is regular even though each positive shape, consequently inclined to be concave, is randomly placed. Similarly in *Coal Heaps under Trees*, two tree-trunks joined to the dark mounds, which tend to recede, act as linear divisions of the even scallops of light space around them. (Art Students League, Nov. 7-19.)—D.J.

William McLean: Living on the West Coast for a couple of years has clearly been a valuable experience for McLean. The local feeling for paint, and the enjoyment of living things, that is academic in the art from that part of the country has left its mark on his nonobjective pictures. Earlier works are subdued, but there is a pliable, molded feel to his paint, and sometimes there are, one could swear, conscious variations of tone in his swathes of color, adding quite a piquancy to the big, green-gray works. *Pacifica I* is somber, but one detects (or suggests to oneself) an undercurrent of life, because he includes air, and a hint of vegetable growth. *The Health Inspector Cometh*, at the time of review, was more obviously vital in its quite different red and yellow color-range, but, in retrospect, seems less interesting than the others. (Tanager, Oct. 14-Nov. 4.)—V.R.

Marvin Fuller: A single-minded artist here shows a group of drawings and paintings concentrating heavily on human subjects. The figure—and usually the full face—is set down squarely in sparse compositions with scrubby brushwork, and each canvas recalls the intense desire and incapable means of a "first" painting. Fuller, who now lives in Burlington, Vermont, has turned so far away from slickness that he has become almost an amateur. What quality there is comes from simplicity and humility. The way the figures are cut off in the composition is often as awkward as the brush strokes, but both have a determined Protestant set that comes out in the shading and clarity of the volumes. Too often

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IN THE GALLERIES

the attitude is overdone, and the faces border on a caricature of farmer narrowness. (Morris, Nov. 9-26.)—L.S.

Ethelyn Woodlock: These small paintings are deceptive. They look at first like a domestic variety of Magic Realism, not too well executed. Although this impression does linger, through it can be seen a rich and witty personality, attracted by philosophical poetry (on the back of each painting), mathematics, alcoholic beverages, and humorous unconventionality (the London maid who "liked any color as long as it's red"). The colors are pretty crude sometimes, and the poetry-painting combination is unusual now, but the work has its own personal integrity. *Karten Schloss*, a castle of cards, is one of the best, well composed and strangely dramatic. The fine handling of detail, always exact but never picky, again reveals a largeness of mind not usually associated with quaint realism. (Burr, Oct. 23-Nov. 5.)—L.S.

Quita Brodhead: After ten years Brodhead returns to the New York scene with an exhibition of works that show a development from earlier representational portraits and figures, subtle and sensitive in handling, to recent larger Abstract Expressionist canvases. In the best, *Abstract Derived from a Nude and Green and Blue Abstract*, the volumes sweep across the surface; thinly applied coats of color establish the forms, which seem impelled to move as though by centrifugal force. In the other paintings, which are less convincing, small facets of color are used, superimposed on delicate blue and gray washes. (Galerie Internationale, Oct. 18-31.)—H.D.M.

Howard Cook: Virtually all collages worked on the scale of painting today suffer from the same defect—the attempt to force graphic shapes into too painterly a sequence. The fragile papers usually involved simply lack the body to support dramatic ideas, and it is significant that in larger formats Schwitters added dimensional and substantial material like wood. Cook attempts to deliver semiabstract résumés of the landscape of the American Southwest and is aware of this problem to the extent of understating the ironic charm of collage. He washes warm transparent color over geometrical designs and even employs chiaroscuro by bringing out architectural planes with sharp white cut-out shapes whose graphic aspect is transformed by the light. He gives ultimate precedence to nature, and *Desert Town* is a veritable island in the sun. But the newsprint "underpainting" impoverishes with its vestigial irony the elemental stance. (Grand Central Moderns, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.)—S.T.

Stephen Etnier: A description of Etnier's paintings makes them seem rather pedestrian when in fact they express man's smallness in an immense universe. The sea and the heavens are always at hand in these paintings of Maine and the Bahamas. A few birdhouses on a roof invoke the depths of sky, as does the fantastic telecommunications apparatus in Nassau. Rowboats beached on a dune near a pile of lobster traps set the human scale against the sense of great distance one feels by the sea. Etnier has caught the light and snap of coastal atmospheres in an unaffected, realistic style that never abuses the element of local color. (Milch, Oct. 31-Nov. 19.)—S.T.

Joseph Stella: A small cross-section of paintings by Joseph Stella shows us again, as his drawing exhibitions at the same gallery have done in the past, an astonishing and bewildering artist at some of the sharply contrasting points in his career. The small early oil on paper of a *Seated Man* is precise and subdued, faithful without flourishes to its model and the small interior and its mirrored reflection. Then in a blaze of glory comes the large *Nebraska Battle of Lights* (c.

1912), a ferment of bright tags of color and swirling motion, then *Spring* (1914), a study for the large Yale painting of the same title, but bearing little resemblance to it, with its delicate color-touches and lyric mood. Foreshadowing the hardening outlines and heavy-handed fantasy of the giant floral paintings of the early thirties are several paintings on glass from the mid-twenties in which his preoccupation with light and motion is superseded by an interest in bizarre Surrealistic effects. Also on view is *Factories at Night*, from the Newark Museum, and there is an oil sketch, *Self-Portrait*, typifying the fine, vigorous drawing he did throughout his career while his painting fluctuated between peaks. (Zabriskie, Nov. 14-Dec. 3.)—M.S.

Matta: Although Matta's nightmares are quite familiar to us now, they are still an intense experience. He deals with the worst horrors of the human condition, and in an obsessive, narrow way the feeling is as strong as any expressed by a contemporary artist. His personal vision is the only thing that unifies this show of random oils and pastel drawings, done over the last twenty years. The drawings are especially strong. Naked figures sprawl in the distorted space engaging occasionally in murder and sex, but more often in a sort of frantic nothingness. The degree of consciousness goes from elongated bodies and overtly pornographic acts to nearly abstract shapes and motions that symbolize the tortured feelings. The two kinds of drawing add to each other and increase the total power. Sparse streaks of red, yellow and green are the only colors, and they are sounds rather than colors. The artist's theme has to do especially with the depravity of man in the machine age. The character of the figures takes on a streamlined, plastic look, while the machines are amorphous blobs, and the two are closely identified. This is most evident in the half-dozen oils. *The Game of Four* is unusually solid, but tends to be illustrational, as does *The Trial of the Rosenbergs*—but the latter rises to an acute, frightening pitch. *L'Ouverture* is more like the sketches, a loose association of flying forms around a whirling machine. It brings to mind the real madness of an amusement park: crazy, fast, jazzy and horrid. It is also quite representative of Matta's theme, and if the appeal is limited it is awfully penetrating. (Bodley, Nov. 21-Dec. 3.)—L.S.

Larry Bigelow: A thirty-five-year-old Minnesota-born artist who lives in Switzerland, Bigelow has spent most of his adult life in Europe and lived for a while in Japan. From such seemingly disparate sources as Turner, Northern Expressionists like Munch and, in certain elegantly simple touches, the Japanese, he has blended an exquisite water-color style. His are elegized landscape impressions, broken by velvety black silhouettes of rolling hills and the muffled exclamation points of trees, or emptied of everything but a trailing calligraphic line. His vagueness is at times Whistlerian, but the admirably calibrated light evokes the hour, the mood and the place with precision. In the overtly Turner-esque studies, color and form are barely more than blushes but lose none of the savor of landscape. (Section Eleven, Sept. 27-Oct. 15.)—S. T.

Seff Weidl: A sculptor of Austrian birth, Weidl has been exhibiting regularly in this country since 1950. His figurative sculpture in bronze consists of stylized but unsupple volumes of the kind suitable for the "modern" public commission, of which Weidl has done many abroad. The vaguely Gothic solemnity of his figures and animals replaces the poignant gravity of that period style with generalized sympathy that now and then produces cleverly charming works like the three little horses joined by a single rump. (Hutton, Oct. 25-Nov. 19.)—S.T.

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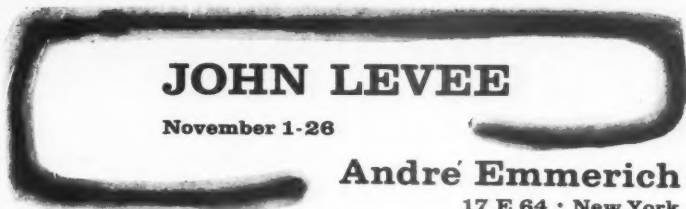
Robert Vickrey: Vickrey's new show of tempera and water-color paintings is set in a familiar attitude of poignant realism. The pictures almost without exception present one rather small human figure, isolated but not overcome in a clean arrangement of city walls and streets. This bare geometry is given illusionist dimension by strong shadows and richness by the old signs and letters on the walls. The figures are often nuns, children and clowns whose programmatic associations help to imply the dramatic melancholy. It is significant how few of the subjects reveal their face directly to the viewer. The artist himself is not showing his face, preferring to imply a lot and state very little. The composition is very worked out and clear, like a hollow Gris still life, but the human element weakens the formal austerity. (Midtown, Oct. 25-Nov. 19.)—L.S.

Walter Meigs: It seems an easy thing to say that a painting is realized when it reconciles thought and feeling through its symbolic forms, but unsuccessful work makes this perfectly clear at once. Meig's recent paintings are a case in point. His landscapes, frequently coastal scenes, are executed in flat broadly simplified masses that sometimes bear a slight resemblance to the style of Milton Avery. His shapes are always few, the colors resound with an intensified fidelity to the model, and textured passages are introduced in the interest of both variety and emphasis. But the combinations go awry. Color does not experience a refinement equal to that of mass; rather it is exaggerated. The textures, evoking naturalistic detail, are at variance with the more abstracted forms and thus seem too consciously imposed. Finally, the space does not reflect the formal totality projected by the masses. Partly realistic, partly abstract, Meigs' paintings are becalmed. (Nordness, Nov. 1-19.)—S.T.

Harold Altman: Very delicate etchings and aquatints of a high technical order unfortunately show how craftsmanship can stifle life. There are many prints here which are concerned with the female figure in an urban or park landscape; the figure is always tall and spindle-legged, and when not in groups is usually standing alone against a threatening mass of beautifully executed vegetation. Altman's excursions into the world of the particular—as in the aquatint of a seated old woman with cat—are a little livelier. (Deitsch, Oct. 4-22.)—V.R.

Leon Goldin: Whatever may have happened to Goldin in Italy, he certainly seems to be doing his best work here, now. The Italian paintings—landscapes, and two works incorporating the figure—strain with uneasy brushwork in a hot color range. They are, in themselves, quite powerful, but his most recent gray Connecticut and Jersey landscapes eclipse them completely, and represent, to this reviewer, a tremendous advance. *Gray Dunes* is no more than a square of gray, with a small, distant dab of blue, and a fleck of white; it seems to say everything about the New England shore. Goldin responds particularly to a thunderous winter light, and he punctures this light with rough slivers of sometimes subtle color changes, sometimes harsh. He grasps space and handles paint almost laconically, with the nonchalance that comes after forgetting everything one has ever learned. His is the kind of abstraction that is a personal shorthand of the thing seen. (Kraushaar, Oct. 4-Nov. 12.)—V.R.

Joseph Domareki: Semiabstract patterns are employed to symbolize the dramatic designs of winter snowscapes in which the gaunt, black shapes of barren trees punctuate the sweeping, geometrized masses of white. Domareki tries to make his handling more expressive than the crispness of his subject allows. As a result he does not follow through on either description or



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IN THE GALLERIES

design. Far more balanced are the landscapes in which stylized details are drawn in outline over a schematic arrangement of planes. (Castellane, Nov. 5-26.)—S.T.

Ainslie Burke: These are mature and technically competent landscapes, the fruit of three years' work in Italy. Burke seems sensitive to his surroundings, but his method of expression is a little superficial. He is intoxicated by the color of Italian landscape, and it is an enthusiasm that he is too anxious to demonstrate with a technical facility that, if anything, is a handicap. One senses an inability to resist flurries of delectable blues, pinks and greens, and there is a concomitant neglect of form. *Peach Trees, Perugia*, must surely have amounted to more than blossoms in two shades of pink against red, green and orange hills. It is almost as if he did not stay long enough, but reported on sight. His paintings all have undeniable charm, but it is a charm tinged by the travel poster, with the exception of *Boats at Baia*, which is quieter and more subtle. (Kraushaar, Oct. 3-28.)—V.R.

Noemi Gerstein: A sculpture of iron tubing radiating outward from a vertical core and another of various small sizes of brass tubing staggered in a column encircled by four arcs place one category of this Argentinian sculptor's work under Zoltan Kemeny's influence. The second is enfeoffed to David Smith. There are several "totems," characteristically variable and additive. A burnished one, *Sentinel*, is cleaner and tauter in form than the somewhat passive dark or textured ones. *Allegro* is intricate and conspicuously slender. The piece with the most force is *Orfeo*, a small black bronze; the base has massive opposed points from which an open and ingenious form of tense curved bars, occasionally geometric, juts at a strong angle. The latter collection of elements and particularly their dynamism would bear development. (De Aenlle, Nov. 8-30.)—D.J.

René Genis: Gray-brown seriousness pervades these oil paintings, which are otherwise rather standard French landscapes. Familiar towns, harbors and mountains are handled in an ordinary, old-fashioned way as far as spatial composition is concerned, but the lean geometry, tight color and almost total absence of figures make the feeling very somber and dry. Two of the more abstract pieces show different tendencies; *Anzio* is a little like De Staël's cold *View of Paris*, and the sumptuous *Flood at Jablines* drifts toward Oriental Impressionism. *Villa d'Este* is more exciting, with a green-green cypress flashing down the center, and at first is most eye-catching of all. (Findlay, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)—L.S.

Eduardo Ramirez: Elegance and understatement characterize the carefully crafted wood reliefs of Colombian artist Eduardo Ramirez. Painted white or orange or black, these panels with their small protuberances, incisions and graduated layers suggest something to be used, like a keyboard or a game. However, since they can only be looked at, the barrenness of their forms might tend to become monotonous in their fixed rigidity. These are handsome objects, but not particularly stimulating, nor of sustained visual interest. (Herbert, Nov. 4-30.)—M.S.

Fernande Cuny: Despite her essentially realistic deportment, Miss Cuny classifies as something of a primitive on the basis of a tight but doughy style that gives her figuration a slightly unnatural quality. But Miss Cuny, a French artist living in Alabama, lacks the imaginative dream flights to go with it. She paints a plantation South embodied in Negro stereotypes or goes completely saccharine in a portrait of Little Red Riding Hood and the flock of cherubs hovering over a

girl and her cat. She is ante-bellum, ante-Freud and ante-N.A.A.C.P. But *Pink and White Bouquet*, while heavily aromatic, has, like several of her works, some sturdy painting in it and indicates her progress since her show last season. (Duncan, Oct. 15-Nov. 5.)—S.T.

William S. Horton: Back in the days when American painting was more Paris-oriented, Horton enjoyed a reputation for his Neo-Impressionist landscapes and city scenes of France, Italy, England and his own country. That he was a friend of Monet comes as no surprise, since his work is drenched by the Frenchman's influence. Horton died in 1936, and this collection spans about thirty years' work, all of which is competent of course, if a little heavy-handed. It is, unfortunately, very hard to look at his pictures without comparing him to his master, as there is so very little of his own personality; nor is it easy to contemplate his sunflowers in a vase and not recall the same flowers done by another, still more inspired hand. The technique dominates the pictures with very few exceptions, of which *Oiseaux*—a swarm of birds feeding on a balcony—is one. (Hirschl and Adler, Oct. 25-Nov. 19.)—V.R.

Lazzaro Donati: The practiced virtuoso qualities of these paintings by a thirty-four-year-old Florentine having his first one-man show in New York indicate the experience of an intensive search for a formula. Donati is sort of aspiring Italian Dufy, and already his paintings bristle with formulas for figures, fruits, roofs and domes, subjects which serve largely to keep surfaces scuffed up with pretty color in order. Modigliani and De Pisis have made vital contributions to a style which, it must be said, luxuriates in color and affects an ingratiating lavishness that never gets heavy-handed. (Monede, Nov. 1-26.)—S.T.

Shoichi Shiraki: Except for infrequent prints by painters, printmaking is conspicuously retarded. Shiraki's lithographs are somewhat of an exception to the graphic art's disinterest in current ideas, including those of Rothko and Pollock, both of whom are evident here. Direct appropriation makes the prints appear tame, and a soft lyricism and a discreet placing of simple images compromise them, but with this the stones are interchanged and variously overprinted, and interesting color and texture are the result. In one case a pink stone nearly blocks out a vermilion one; the translucent rectangle with its peripheral sharpness is good, but a vague suggestion of a bird, although merely a broken area, disturbs the center. (Two Explorers, Oct. 3-28.)—D.J.

St. Julian Fishburne: Smart charcoal drawings in a refined, realistic style make up the largest and best part of this show. It also includes some chalk and pastel work that is fascinating, but the added color is not very functional. Even in black and white the concern is too much with finessing the medium; the subject remains just a model and is rarely penetrated below the surface. A few, like *Still Life with Pears* and the girl reading *The Novel*, are dry and strong, somewhat in the manner of Picasso's most realistic sketches. This is the first one-man show for the New York artist, who was formerly an abstract painter. (Davis, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)—L.S.

Lucy Salemmé: A guest exhibitor is having an auspicious one-man show. In these works, done during the past two years, one can trace the evolution of a personal vision and style. As the wife of the well-known painter Attilio Salemmé, the artist understandably reveals in some of her earlier works a certain suggestion of his formalization. Most of the paintings are New York City scenes that capture its bright intensity and brittle quality through the geometric manipulation of

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shapes of buildings, as in the large *Night in a Clairvoyant City* and the small but effective *Riverside*. Her palette of deep reds and blues and pale green and yellow identifies the city's climate and marks its tempo. (Grand Central Moderns, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.)—H.D.M.

Iser Aronovici: "Expressionistic" is perhaps too feeble a word for such dark, emotional paintings, which also exude quite an atmosphere of evil. Aronovici seems to use mainly black and white paint and dried blood, and his subjects range from *The Last Supper* to a bedroom scene. His work is powerful, and the picture of a skeleton in a tin helmet holding a dagger in one hand and driving a well-drawn tank with the other, and entitled *War*, is very memorable. Not only did it remind one of Belgian horrors-of-war engravings from the First World War, but it looked as though it had been done with Somme mud and mustard gas. There is also a big, black smiling head, two feet high and three inches wide, quite well carved out of wood. An odd but impressive show. (Phoenix, Nov. 4-24.)—V.R.

Harold Goldstein, Edward Bleicher: Goldstein's painting and sculpture diverge sharply. The pictures are quite pleasantly composed of feathery brush-strokes, mostly in green and blue, with a hieroglyphic image occasionally appearing, and are not uninteresting. His sculpture, on the other hand, looks as if it started out to be *brut*, but ended up as small, rather lame objects made of concrete and bits of metal. The only thing to be said about Bleicher's sculpture is that an organized team of collectors combing the city might find smaller, less interesting pieces of metal to weld together, but one doubts it. (Brata, Oct. 28-Nov. 17.)—V.R.

William Sebring: The big paintings that make up this show are shifted just about three degrees from the main channel of Abstract Expressionism. Broad jabs of color working over a white ground give a feeling of at least superficial maturity and unity, and at the same time allow for a range of feeling. The lightest canvases are open and clean, like a big, young flower. *Encomium of Desire*, done recently, is more geometrical and, by comparison, forcefully dissonant. Sebring, who came here ten years ago from Ohio, seems to have adopted the outer form of New York painting more than its spirit. His own variation is toward simple forms and clear arrangements. The consistent cloak of action painting may be more tentative than it looks. (Nonagon, Nov. 13-Dec. 7.)—L.S.

John Lentine: A resident of Rome since 1956, Lentine still paints Italy with the eyes of a tourist. He exaggerates its antiquity, its texture and light—in a word, he glorifies it. He submits each scene of a village or a city to a process of aging in which dripping transparencies are permitted to rain down over the realistic drawing. In effect his surfaces become walls, or perhaps palimpsests, on which the subject is partially visible. He gets some radiant effects, but the coating is as unsettling as it is redundant. (Feingarten, Nov. 15-Dec. 3.)—S.T.

George H. Cohen: One would think that the vogue for "abstract" walls had just about run its course, but Cohen, who teaches at Smith College, has still another version of the formula. He rather drily coats a collage of crumpled strips and scraps of burlap and canvas with scumbled layers of paint. The collage is designed to lend variety to what in fact demonstrates the absence of it. Similarly, one painting done entirely in thick patches of white and gray paint emulates ancient masonry. This is sensibility on an assembly-line basis, where the idea of painting

is lost through a concentration on a single aspect. (Angeleski, Nov. 16-Dec. 3.)—S.T.

Albert Sandecki: Gentle studies of birds and trees in water color and oil, together with a few landscapes and compositions, make up this show. One prefers the bird studies, which are fragile and charming, because the larger works are for the most part rather poorly designed, though meticulously done. (James Graham, Nov. 4-Dec. 3.)—V.R.

Sandford B. McGrail: The artist's small arrangements of squares seem to work better than sweeps of a more automatic kind. Miss McGrail is at home when she is considering her bright color harmonies, but freedom presents problems which have still to be solved by her, problems also unsolved in her series of calligraphic jazz water-colors. (Aegis, Nov. 4-Dec. 1.)—V.R.

Verne Bowman: Black lines separating colors always look effective, as the medieval stained-glass artists knew, but Bowman, alas, is no medieval glazier. He also works the idea to death in his lacquered canvases. Black edge-to-edge crisscrosses admit green or red through the interstices, and the effect is somewhat hurried. In one red and black painting, the red is allowed to subdue the black, but he seems content not to explore the possibilities of his idea very far. (Carmel, Nov. 11-30.)—V.R.

Charles B. Rodgers: Assistant Director of the Huntington Hartford Foundation, Rodgers has turned from more conventional painting to an abstracted sense of nature, clearly Oriental in inspiration. He makes the most of spontaneity in a number of water colors where an ethereal space is created by suggestive puffs of color dramatically silhouetted against a blinding glare. Similar ideas in oil are deliberated over and the shapes seem forced. (Duncan, Nov. 1-15.)—S.T.

Daniel Newman: While these paintings are said to concern the "natural elements," nature is not present. The color is put on in rich blue and green stains, and the forms could be ripples of water or fire, but it is all rather like a collection of large marbled end-papers. Where the shapes make a landscape with trees emerging, as in *Dark Fields* and *Spring*, *Gathering Storm*, one's interest is aroused, and one feels that Newman would make quite an exciting contribution in the form of dark, romantic, imaginary landscapes. (G. Gallery, Sept. 20-Oct. 8.)—V.R.

Eugene Massin: Portions of Massin's paintings are built up through heavy application of pigment to the dimensions of bas-relief. Usually the built-up areas coincide with animal or figure shapes whose cast shadows form a thinly painted pattern on the canvas, as in several groups of goats and burros. He manipulates his material with considerable dexterity, particularly in *Race-track*, where the hurtling motion of bright shirts and tangled browns is vividly and effectively given. (Roko, Oct. 31-Nov. 23.)—M.S.

Max Moreau: This is an extensive exhibition of an academic painter considerably better than the average; Moreau excels in modeling hands and depicting the shimmer of drapery and the translucency of fruit. But the sensation is without reason since there is no large organization to which it is integral, and that organization is required by history. (Wildenstein, Oct. 6-22.)—D.J.

Constance Whidden: There is quite an interesting progression from quiet gouaches, which are leafy and romantic, to bright, restless oils. But in the later works the paint is thin, the disposition

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of the boomerang shapes is scrappy, and the paintings are incomplete in feeling. *Metamorphosis*, Miss Whidden's latest picture, is by far the most arresting because she has accomplished so much more with her rich, lower-keyed paint. There is still considerable agitation in her approach which makes her include too many small, fiddley forms, but the picture has a profundity lacking in her other works. (Area, Oct. 28-Nov. 17.)—V.R.

Nicholas Takis: Weary little bottle-shaped figures are outlined in a sharp black line in the paintings, and the constructions consist of the same small females built up in old paint, and arranged in rows. Takis' work may be intended to hark back to Pompeii, but the archaic freshness is gone. (International, Sept. 9-26.)—V.R.

Leedell Morehead, Larry Fearn: Miss Morehead makes an attempt to embolden her realism with strong patterns and ends up with oversimplified architecture. One of Mr. Fearn's seascapes has a solitary flavor, discriminating in color, that is lacking in his sweetish landscapes and sunsets where his preoccupation with dramatic lighting effects leaves part of the picture in the grip of realism, and part in a slow, smoky "dissolve." (Madison, Nov. 19-Dec. 2.)—S.T.

Leonard Creco: Italian market places are painted by an American artist living in Rome. Figures and stalls are suspended in an invariably greenish mist. A group of musicians is similarly sealed off, and one gets the real bustle of life only in *Schoolyard*, where the figures, though blurred, actually move. (Chase, Nov. 14-26.)—S.T.

Jo Warner: Amorphous, translucent shapes jostle one another on the canvas with occasional accents of clotted white. The colors are many and fruity, and there is a peculiarity of scale, so that however large the picture, the image appears enlarged and not to belong. A small painting, confined to blues with yellow, marks a beginning in that it gives an impression of cohesion and growth. (Camino, Nov. 4-24.)—V.R.

Sonya Bradley: Each of these paintings is an unaccountable mixture of abstract elements (sometimes interesting), used naïvely, and an amateurish realism, comprising a cold, occult symbolism of partitioned figures or architecture. The whole owes pieces to Picasso, Léger and stained glass. The work is a primitive's with modern equipment—clear, controlled, varied, and yet senseless. (Panoras, Nov. 21-Dec. 3.)—D.J.

Lynfield Ott: Although Ott paints nonfiguratively in the current manner of large sweeps of color that never resolve into anything but large sweeps of color, he seems interested in the human figure. In one canvas, a nude actually emerges from the chorus of golden, not-quite shapes. In spite of an undoubted enjoyment of bright and fleshy paint for its own sake, there is a tiredness about his work. His drawings of the nude are effective enough, but the line is thick and unthinking. One wishes he would start all over with a conscious tightness—these paintings are overblown and undecided. (Lovisco, Nov. 1-19.)—V.R.

Merton Simpson: Simpson's "landscape" is approximately in the same state of becoming as it was a year ago. In something of a wine-dark world a tremulous solid appears as a horizontal swathe, buckling under the weight of undulating strokes or looming indistinctly in a pregnant mist. Little jeweled masses of color stud the plane, and light is somewhere behind this smoke of Genesis. This is a drama more firmamental than plastic, compromising the liberated attitude of the paint. (Krasner, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)—S.T.

Michel Thompson: These are decorative paintings by a young French painter who a few years ago painted rather like a pastel Buffet. His new work affects a similarly chic frugality of form and color but has the added body of short, stubby strokes of paint whose webbing generalizes all figurative detail. The textural effect makes the color seem brighter than it is, modernizing a format that is basically nostalgic. (Bianchini, Oct. 11-Nov. 6.)—S.T.

Leon Wall: There is a lot of spatial depth and subtle color in these big abstract paintings, but the incessant black lines, which carry the "expression," feel tacked on and shallow. And what is the significance of the Revolutionary War titles? (Section Eleven, Nov. 8-26.)—L.S.

Margarita Hahn Vidal: Mrs. Vidal paints flowers relentlessly and quite efficiently, but with no lyricism. The groups constantly recede into a gray backdrop from a spotlighted foreground, and though her paint is freshly applied, the life of her subject seems to elude her. (Burr, Sept. 25-Oct. 8.)—V.R.

Cindy Pickett, Frances Watford: Miss Pickett's water colors and gouaches have a tropical flavor, with birds, trees and a vegetal light supporting the impression. Miss Watford's realism struggles through imposed atmospheric effects and design to provide an additional element to paintings which are mostly of still lifes. (Madison, Nov. 5-18.)—S.T.

Wallace Bassford: In *Early Morning Figure* Bassford paints a tawny nude, clarified with passages of brush drawing, emerging from a hazy, semiabstract ground which carries a suggestion of sea and shore. It is rather cluttered, but evocative within the limits of the intention. The show will include other figures, as well as landscapes and still lifes. (Grand Central, Nov. 15-26.)—M.S.

Sarah Brion: A Cubist caricature of several French invariables—lovers, the gendarmes—is entangled in a vivacious texture of one dominant, full color. (Two Explorers, Oct. 31-Nov. 25.) . . . **Alexander Campbell:** There is a correspondence between Campbell's tourist depiction of Spain—all bullfights—and his similarly negligent idea of painting; small touches of the palette knife, little organization and infrequent color. (Panoras, Nov. 7-19.) . . . **Clara Seley:** Most of these brief drawings are of childlike figures drawn or scratched on an excessively evanescent tone. (Schainen-Stern, Nov. 2-25.)—D.J.

Sheva Ausubel: Miss Ausubel, who died in 1957, was a prolific painter in quiet, pretty colors; some of her portraits show a lively interest in character, but the drawing is rather weak. (Women's City Club of New York, Oct. 4-28.) . . . **Edith Hoyt:** Landscapes, peasants and generally picturesque scenes all on a small scale comprise this exhibition; they are pleasant in an amateurish way. (Eggleston, Oct. 31-Nov. 12.) . . . **Harriet Kline:** Miss Kline shows variations on a swampy kind of landscape that are stylized to the point of being textile designs. (Selected Artists, Nov. 21-Dec. 3.)—V.R.

Genichiro Inokuma: These are large, decorative canvases tastefully splattered with flecks and drips of color; sometimes the surface is encrusted with thicker paint in an attempt to heighten the tactile feeling. (Willard, Oct. 4-29.) . . . **Louis Donato:** This is a retrospective exhibition of paintings by a New York art director and advertising-design teacher; in the earlier pictures an academic technique is employed with conventional subject matter (seated woman, etc.); in the latest works he has moved to a semiabstract pres-

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entation of still life and city landscapes using interlocking shapes and harsh colors. (International Art, Nov. 3-Nov. 14.) . . . **Otto Schneid**: A successful Israeli artist shows some bronze portrait commissions, plus a series of oils (in which he uses a wet-on-wet water-color method) that are illustrational renderings of people; a nude painted in high, light colors verges on the pornographic. (International Art, Nov. 26-Dec. 7) . . . **Rosario Moreno**: This Argentinian-born painter has worked in Paris and exhibited before both here and abroad; the gouaches and oils shown are abstract in style, grounded in a kind of sculptural sensibility—color is somber and texture is used to accentuate the blocky, mute-like forms that are reminiscent of Pre-Columbian art. (Sudamericana, Nov. 8-30.)—H.D.M.

Marion Frank: The many stylistic directions in which her paintings still are trying to move indicate a lack of artistic viewpoint more than of personal conviction; the simplicity and delicate handling of the semiabstractions are pleasant. (Bodley, Nov. 21-Dec. 3.) . . . **Louise Rosenthal**: This Great Neck housewife's Abstract Expressionism is used straight from the bottle; it is too rough, too tough and too casual, but the canvases are big and the faults are common. (Bodley, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.) . . . **D. H. Fraser**: An Englishman, painting mostly French landscapes, draws freely from De Staël's technique and ends with a quick economy of palette-knife strokes; the subject is not seen clearly nor felt deeply. (Rosenberg, Nov. 21-Dec. 17.) . . . **Lysan**: "Lysan" is a very remarkable woman; her paintings are a remarkable variety of abstract oils which seem to try every poor trick there is—enough to show that none should be repeated. (Bodley, Nov. 7-19.) . . . **A. Vignoles**: These worried little still-life and landscape paintings are mostly an addition of personal idiosyncrasies, like the constant opposition of red-orange and yellow-green, or the fussy outlining; only rarely do they hint at larger, subconscious feeling. (Findlay, Nov. 14-30.) . . . **Stanisa**: Of these sprayed-oil canvases, sixteen are red and four are blue; literally they signify Space, figuratively, Nothing. (Bodley, Oct. 31-Nov. 19.)—L.S.

Frank Mollenhauer: Painstakingly wrought, these thoughtful city scenes and landscapes capture the solitary flavor of Edward Hopper's style but none of his metaphysical attitude toward light. (Barzansky, Oct. 31-Nov. 12.) . . . **Lumen Winter**: Sculptor, mosaicist and muralist, Winter is showing water colors of Italy, the American Southwest and Spain which include several studies of the rocky coasts of Costa Brava, where his descriptive talents are handsomely emboldened by an almost Marinesque interpretation. (Internationale, Nov. 17-30.) . . . **Harold Just**: Light is both actor and director in these abstract canvases in which Turner seems to have provided the inspiration for large, blurred planes moving away from the center. (Angeleski, Oct. 31-Nov. 15.) . . . **Jacqueline Klapholz**: Tastefully done, these decorative sculptures combine pebble mosaics, stained glass and bits of tile in whimsical treatments of a figure, an enchanted palace, a rooster, a man on a bicycle, etc. (Carus, Oct. 22-Nov. 19.) . . . **Frank Altamura**: Movement is worked up into incipiently Futuristic patterns which catch the rush of horses leaving a starting gate and the kaleidoscopic glitter of a Ferris wheel. (Pietranonio, Nov. 1-14.) . . . **Sandra Baker**: Some Italian landscapes are much more firmly realized than the paintings of musicians which affect a sort of windblown freedom of execution and color. (Sagittarius, Nov. 1-12.) . . . **Morris Gerber**: A basic freshness is not fully worked out in these paintings by an artist whose etchings indicate a talent at home in black and white. (Kottler, Nov. continued on page 69

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Hartford, Conn.: Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts 51st Annual Exhibition, Wadsworth Atheneum, Mar. 4-Apr. 2. Open to all living artists. Media: oil, oil tempera, sculpture, intaglio, lithographic, planographic. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 20. Write: Louis J. Fusari, Secy., P. O. Box 204, Hartford 1, Conn.

Jersey City, N. J.: Jersey City Museum Annual National Exhibition of the Painters and Sculptors Society of New Jersey, Feb. 20-Mar. 18. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due Jan. 25, work due Jan. 30. Write: Frances Hulmes, 15 Park Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

New York, N. Y.: Abbey Scholarship in Mural Painting. Competition open to citizens of U. S. not more than 35 years of age. Entry cards due Jan. 13, work due on Jan. 20 only. Write: Secretary, Abbey Memorial Scholarship Fund, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

Gallery Arkep One-Man Show Competition, Jan. 1961. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Fee: \$5. Entry cards due Nov. 15, work due Nov. 30. Write: E. B. Savage, Director, Gallery Arkep, 171 W. 29th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Arts Center Gallery Monthly Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Arts Center Gallery, 545 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Art Directions Gallery Monthly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Art Directions Gallery, 600 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Audubon Artists 19th Annual. National Academy Galleries, Jan. 19-Feb. 5. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes (\$3,000 total). Fee: \$5. Entry cards and work due Jan. 5. Write: Mina Kocherthaler, Secy., 124 W. 79th St., New York 24, N. Y.

City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Shows, City Center of Music and Drama. Open to all artists. Medium: oil. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Nov. 10, 11. Write: Mrs. Ruth Yates, City Center of Music and Drama, 58 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

National Society of Painters in Casein 7th Annual. Riverside Museum, March 5-26. Open to all artists. Casein paintings only. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 20. Write: Florian G. Kraner, Secy., 182 Bennett Ave., New York 40, N. Y.

Norfolk, Va.: Norfolk Museum 8th Annual American Drawing Exhibition, Feb. 1-Mar. 1. Open to all artists. Medium: drawing (monochrome). Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. Entry cards and work due Jan. 18. Write: D. M. Halley, Jr., Norfolk Museum, Museum Plaza, Norfolk 10, Va.

Palm Beach, Fla.: Society of the Four Arts Contemporary Exhibition, Dec. 2-30. Open to all artists in U. S. Media: oils, water colors and drawings, done in 1959. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (refunded if works are rejected). Entry cards due Nov. 5, work due Nov. 12. Write: Society of the Four Arts, Four Arts Plaza, Palm Beach, Fla.

Peoria, Ill.: Peoria Art Center National Water Color Exhibition, Feb. 5-28. Open to all artists. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due Jan. 31. Write: Mrs. M. J. Sparks, Art Center, Glen Oak Pavilion, Peoria, Ill.

Philadelphia, Pa.: Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts 156th Annual Exhibition, Jan. 22-Feb. 26. Open to all living American artists. Media: water color, drawing, graphics. Jury. Prizes. No fee. All work due Dec. 30. Write: Elizabeth Z. Swenson, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Broad & Cherry Sts., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.: San Francisco Art Association 24th Annual Drawing, Print and Sculpture Show, San Francisco Museum of Art, Feb. 2-Mar. 5. Open to all artists. Media: drawing, prints, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due Dec. 9, work due Dec. 14. Write: Harry Baker, Registrar, San Francisco Museum of Art, Veterans Bldg., Civic Center, San Francisco 2, Cal.

Seattle, Wash.: Northwest Printmakers 32nd International Print Exhibition; Seattle Art Museum, Feb. 8-Mar. 5; Portland Art Museum (Ore.), Apr. Open to all American and foreign printmakers. Media: all fine graphic media except monographs. Jury. Prizes. Fee. All work due Jan. 18. Write: Secretary, Seattle Art Museum, Seattle 2, Wash.

Regional

Dallas, Tex.: Museum of Fine Arts 11th Southwest Print and Drawing Exhibition, Jan. 22-Feb. 19. Open to artists of Tex., Ark., Ariz., Colo., La., N. M. Media: prints, drawings. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Entry cards and work due Jan. 8. Write: Mrs. Leonard Hole, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Dallas 26, Tex.

East Orange, N. J.: Art Center of the Orange 10th Annual State Exhibition, March 5-18. Open to all N. J. artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due Feb. 8, work due Feb. 11, 12. Write: Egbert T. Angell, 427 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.

Huntington, W. Va.: 9th Annual Exhibition 180, Huntington Galleries, April 23-May 28. Open to artists of W. Va. and those living within 180 miles of Huntington in Ohio and Ky. Media: oil, water color, prints, graphics, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards due March 29, work due April 2. Write: Huntington Galleries, Huntington, W. Va.

Louisville, Ky.: Art Center Annual, J. B. Speed Art Museum, Apr. 1-30. Open to residents of Ky. and Southern Ind. Media: painting, graphics, sculpture, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: Mrs. Nelle Peterson, 2111 S. First St., Louisville 8, Ky.

Memphis, Tenn.: American Association of University Women, Mississippi River Craft Show, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, May 5-28. Open to craftsmen in states bordering the Mississippi River. Media: ceramics, textiles, metal, enamel, glass, mosaic. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2 for 3 entries. Write: Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Overton Park, Memphis 12, Tenn.

Omaha, Nebr.: 5th Midwest Biennial Designer-Craftsman Exhibition, Joslyn Art Museum, Feb. 12-Mar. 12; Des Moines (Iowa) Art Center, Mar. 17-Apr. 9. Open to all craftsmen of Colo., Ill., Ind., Iowa, Kans., Mich., Minn., Mo., Mont., Nebraska, Ohio, Okla., N. D., S. D., Wis., Wyo. Media: ceramics (not sculpture), weaving, mosaic, enamel, metal, jewelry. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and fee due Jan. 26, work due Feb. 1. Write: James W. Kreiter, Joslyn Art Museum, 2218 Dodge St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Sacramento, Cal.: Creative Arts League of Sacramento 2nd Biennial California Craft Show, E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, Mar. 18-Apr. 23. Open to all California artists. Media: ceramics, mosaic, enamel, sculpture, metal, jewelry, weaving, printed and woven textiles. Jury. Prizes. Write: Creative Arts League, c/o E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, 216 O Street, Sacramento 14, Cal.

Springfield, Mass.: Springfield Art League Annual Fall Exhibition, Museum of Fine Arts, Nov. 20-Dec. 18. Open to artists of the New England states. Media: oil, water color, casein, gouache, pastel, sculpture, graphics, drawing. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards and work due Nov. 8. Write: Muriel T. LeGasse, Secy., 163 Sunrise Terr., Springfield, Mass.

Wenatchee, Wash.: Washington State Annual Art Exhibition, Washington State Apple Blossom Festival, May. Open to artists of the Western states and Canada. Media: oil, water color, mixed, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due Mar. 30, work due Apr. 8. Write: Washington State Annual Art Exhibition, P. O. Box 850, Wenatchee, Wash.

Youngstown, O.: 13th Annual Ceramic and Sculpture Show, Butler Institute of American Art, Jan. 1-Feb. 26. Open to residents and former residents of Ohio. Media: ceramic or enamel, also sculpture and jewelry in any medium. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2, plus \$2 handling charge. Work due Nov. 6-Dec. 18. Write: Butler Institute of American Art, 524 Wick Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 67

7-19.) . . . **Michael Frary**: As a water-colorist Frary is naturally fluid and impendently dramatic, but the atomic age Surrealism he sets down in oil is merely filled with technological-looking props.

(Nessler, Nov. 7-26.) . . . **Earl Wade Hubbard**: Stylized portraiture utilizes a formulaized technique of painting light and shadow as strongly contrasted geometric shapes that are momentarily sensational as designs. (Rehn, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.) . . . **Jean Throop**: Though abstract and figurative elements are used interchangeably in these paintings by a Michigan artist, a riot of textures usually is the desired end. (Duncan, Nov. 1-15.) . . . **Magda Cordell**: A young English painter, Miss Cordell extracts partially accidentally created "presences" from a central embryonic mass or creates equally visceral monsters inspired by Dubuffet. (Parma, Oct. 25-Nov. 12.)

... **Ralph N. Dagg**: The shapes of various woods largely dictate the gestures of these heavily stylized figures by a Florida sculptor who also exhibits a modern crucifixion, the smooth, crossbow sort of form which also symbolizes the body of Christ. (Internationale, Nov. 2-15.) . . . **Jane Ollendorff**: Paintings of the past fourteen years follow an erratic course through representational, semi-abstract and fully abstract styles. (Duo, Oct. 26-Nov. 12.) . . . **Wang Chi-Yuan**: Western realism encroaching upon the traditional style of this elderly Chinese-American artist and teacher deprives it of much of the fluid grace which is still to be found in a few more characteristic works in Chinese ink. (White, Oct. 25-Nov. 12.) . . . **Keith Ingemann**: These scenes of Sicily stress the quainter aspects of native life and the resigned gravity of several residents in a highly simplified, decorative manner. (Hammer, Nov. 1-12.) . . .

Virginia Field: The city, the country and the seacoast are interpreted in a style more rudimentary than primitive. (Artzt, Nov. 21-Dec. 2.) . . . **Patrick Nardell**: A studious amateur, Nardell exhibits one nude in an interior that comes far more to life than the other two paintings available for review. (Artzt, Nov. 16-28.) . . . **Hilda Karniol**: Naively imposed abstract patterns lead these figure fantasies in an eerie dance marathon, scuttling in and out of colored lighting effects. (Artzt, Oct. 28-Nov. 9.)—S.T.

PARIS continued from page 21

ed the same year, but not published with accompanying text until 1935) do show a concern with the total composition of a page. This diminishes over the years, until, with the occasional happy exception such as the lithograph mentioned above, the prints become increasingly emblematic, as in *Milarepa*. They continue to have, as one might expect, a certain rather solemn chic, of no particularly personal kind.

I must confess a certain personal prejudice against the illustrated volume. Neither the idea of the book as a physical, visual entity nor the institution of the *de luxe* publication as it exists here has ever particularly attracted me. I have little reverence for the concept of the book as a precious object, something of a horror of bibliophilia in general, not to speak of a particular distaste for the milieu or mentality to which an entire industry caters in France. The thinness of Braque's contributions to the very choice texts he has chosen to honor over the years (Braque, a consummately literate man, generally selects his texts with extreme care, and the Reverdy's, Chars, Hesiods, Paulhans outnumber the Elgars and Boissonnas) seems to me, therefore, quite perfectly to express the rather ambiguous audience and function for which the costly edition is intended; this exhibition exudes an odor of classiness.

Annette Michelson



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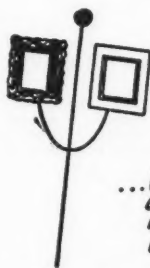
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CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

ATLANTA, GA.
ART ASSOCIATION, Nov. 6-20: G. Foster; P. T. Cravey; Nov. 27-Dec. 11: J. Pace
NEW ARTS GALLERY, Nov. 6-Dec. 2: G. Kepes; J. Kepes
BALTIMORE, MD.
WALTERS ART GALLERY, Nov. 5-Jan. 15: Folkwandering Arts.
BELOIT, WISC.
SCHERMERHORN GALLERY, Nov. 5-Dec. 10: G. Peterdi
WRIGHT ART CENTER, Nov. 5-27: Iowa Print Group; Prints Unlimited; A. Uchima
BOSTON, MASS.
DOLL & RICHARDS, to Nov. 10: E. Newman; Nov. 14-Dec. 1: D. Shepler
INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, Nov. 15-Dec. 24: German Industrial Design Museum, to Dec. 4: Maurice Prendergast; Nov.: Karolik
NOVA, Nov. 1-21: C. Bloom; Nov. 24-Dec. 17: Karel Appel
SIEMBAB GALLERY, Nov.: G. Peterich; Nov. 7-30: R. Wells; Dec.: W. Chappell
VOSE GALLERIES, to Nov. 12: Tonsberg
BRIGHTON, MASS.
HENRI STUDIO GALLERY, Nov. 6-19: D. Carahan; G. Freundlich
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
M.I.T. NEW GALLERY, Nov. 7-Dec. 5: A. Wyeth retrospective
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
MINT MUSEUM, Nov.: 100 years of American Heritage—G. Stuart to A. Bier-Stadt.
CHICAGO, ILL.
ART INSTITUTE, to Nov. 13: Corat; to Dec. 24: Japanese Figure Prints; Nov. 16-Dec. 31: Primitive Art; Nov. 19-Dec. 18: Italian Drawings of Five Centuries
ARTS CLUB, Nov.-Dec.: Construction and Geometry in Painting
CINCINNATI, OHIO
ART MUSEUM, to Nov. 15: Gifts to the Museum; Prints; Nov. 17-18: Lithographers' Annual Art Award Exhibition
CONTEMPORARY ARTS CENTER, Nov. 10-Dec. 27: Young French Painters
CLEVELAND, OHIO
MUSEUM, to Nov. 13: Paths of Abstract Art; Nov. 30-Jan. 1: Year in Review 1960
CLINTON, N. Y.
HAMILTON COLLEGE, Nov. 13-Dec. 17: Halpert Collection
COLD SPRING HARBOR, L. I., N. Y.
VERA LAZUK GALLERY, to Nov. 12: M. Glasier, R. White
COLOGNE, GERMANY
WALLRAFF-RICHARTZ-MUSEUM, Nov.: Hiltite Art
COLUMBIA, S. C.
MUSEUM, to Nov. 14: Lafaye, F. Bunce
COLUMBUS, OHIO
GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, Nov. 5-25: Purist Painting; Nov. 13-Dec. 5: J. de Creff; Nov. 15-Dec. 5: Atget in Paris
DALLAS, TEX.
MUSEUM FOR CONTEMPORARY ARTS, to Nov. 27: Contemporary Italian Sculpture
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Nov. 13-Dec. 18: The Aldrich Collection
DAVENPORT, IOWA
MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Nov. 13-Dec. 4: Designer-Craftsman U.S.A.
DAYTON, OHIO
ART INSTITUTE, Nov. 2-27: 1960-61 Circulating Gallery
DECATUR, ILL.
ART CENTER, Nov. 6-27: The Whitney Annual
DENVER, COLO.
ART MUSEUM, to Feb. 12: Shape and Form; Nov. 13-Dec. 4: German Expressionists
DES MOINES, IOWA
ART CENTER, Nov. 11-27: Des Moines Collects; T. N. Kurahara
DETROIT, MICH.
INSTITUTE OF ART, to Dec. 31: Masterpieces of Flemish Art: Van Eyck to Bosch
EVANSVILLE, IND.
MUSEUM OF ART AND SCIENCES, Nov. 6-30: Annual Tri-State Art Exhibition
FITCHBURG, MASS.
MUSEUM, to Nov. 14: Water Color Show
FREIBURG, GERMANY
KUNSTVEREIN, to Nov. 17: B. Nicholson
HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, Nov. 10-Dec. 18: Pierpont Morgan Treasures
HOUSTON, TEX.
CUSHMAN GALLERY, to Nov. 11: N. Caffé
MUSEUM OF ART AND SCIENCES, Nov. 6-30: Annual Tri-State Art Exhibition
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
HUNTINGTON GALLERIES, Nov. 10-Dec. 15: Contemporary French Tapestries
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
HERRON ART MUSEUM, Nov. 13-Dec. 4: Sara Roby Foundation Collection
LA JOLLA, CAL.
ART CENTER, to Nov. 30: Recent Acquisitions; Nov. 13-Jan. 1: Painting and Sculpture Annual; Nov. 9-Dec. 4: J. Altoon
LINCOLN, MASS.
DE CORDOVA MUSEUM, to Dec. 18: McGinnis Collection
LONDON, ENGLAND
HANOVER GALLERY, to Nov. 18: Cesar

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
COUNTY MUSEUM, to Nov. 27: California Watercolor Society 40th Annual; Rockefeller Collection of American Folk Art; to Dec. 24: E. Deakin; Nov. 15-Dec. 13: Gandhara Sculpture
DWAN GALLERY, Nov. 14-Dec. 10: R. Richenburg
MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Nov. 19-27: Photographic Exhibition
ROBLES GALLERY, Nov. 2-26: M. Sauphor; Nov. 14-Dec. 3: F. Black, J. MacDonald; Nov. 28-Dec. 19: K. Benjamin
TOWER GALLERY, Nov. 8-Dec. 4: Los Artists
WESTSIDE JEWISH CENTER, to Nov. 23: Art Around the World
LOUISVILLE, KY.
J. B. SPEED MUSEUM, Nov. 1-23: German Color Prints; Nov. 30-Dec. 31: Americans—A View from the East
MAINHEIM, GERMANY
STÄDTISCHE KUNSTHALLE, to Nov. 27: 1960 German Youth Art Prize
MILWAUKEE, WISC.
BRESLER GALLERY, Nov. 1-30: Artists of the Milwaukee Public Museum
ART CENTER, to Dec. 4: At Work: Daumier to Shahn; Nov. 3-Dec. 4: A. A. Carro; Nov. 3-Dec. 11: 1960 Wisconsin Printmakers Exhibition
JEWSH COMMUNITY CENTER, Nov.: Chicago Area Artists Exhibition
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, to Dec. 2: Gorky Drawings; Nov. 9-Dec. 9: 3rd Annual Collectors Exhibition
WALKER ART CENTER, to Nov. 20: Japanese Design Today; Nov. 13-Dec. 25: the Precisionist View in American Art; to Dec. 4: Art Fair 1960
MONTCLAIR, N. J.
ART MUSEUM, to Dec. 4: 29th Annual New Jersey State Exhibition
MONTREAL, CANADA
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, to Nov. 13: H. Town, K. Nakamura; to Nov. 22: Young Non-Figurative: Montreal
MUNICH, GERMANY
HAUS DER KUNST, Nov. 5-Dec. 11: H. Moore; German Artists Association
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
ROSS-TALALAY GALLERY, Nov. 2-29: M. Feinman
NEW HOPE, PA.
CHARLES-FOURTH GALLERY, to Nov. 20: J. McMahon
NEW LONDON, CONN.
ALLYN MUSEUM, Nov. 6-27: Milton Avery
NEWARK, N. J.
MUSEUM, Nov. 18th Century Portraits; The Painting Media; 20th Century American Sculpture; from Nov. 18: Christmas Exhibition Sale
NORMAN, OKLA.
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, Nov. 1-24: H. Keller; Nov. 6-27: Guggenheim Water Color Loan Exhibition; Nov. 15-Dec. 13: Eskima Art
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
ART CENTER, Nov. 24-Dec. 23: W. H. Calfee
PARIS, FRANCE
CORDIER, Nov. 6-Dec. 6: L. Nevelson
DUNCAN, M. Wilner, W. Blanchard
FURSTENBERG, Nov. 4-19: Lempriere; Nov. 22-Dec. 15: Iene
LE GENDRE, Nov. 16-Dec. 10: Arnel
RENE, Nov.: Di Tsana
STADLER, Nov.: D. Budd
VILLAND ET GALANIS, Nov.-Dec.: Lapique
VINCY, Nov. 3-Dec. 5: Kito
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, to Nov. 27: Current Faculty Members' Exhibition
ART ALLIANCE, to Nov. 11: Everyman's Gallery; Nov. 2-27: 25th Anniversary Show
Art Directors of Philadelphia; Nov. 9-Dec. 11: B. Whitmore; Nov. 11-Dec. 14: Non-Objective Exhibition
CARL SCHURZ FOUNDATION, to Nov. 23: H. T. MacNeill
MACK GALLERY, Nov.: E. Ferris, A. Field
WOODMERE GALLERY, to Nov. 18: 10th Annual Exhibition
PHOENIX, ARIZ.
ART MUSEUM, Nov.: J. Hultberg; S. Steinberg; Louis Sullivan; J. Waddell, M. Cuy
PITTSBURGH, PA.
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, to Dec. 11: Art Nouveau; to Dec. 4: H. Burszynowicz; G. Catlin Indian Lithographs
PORTLAND, ME.
MUSEUM OF ART, to Nov. 12: Winslow Homer; Art of the Landscape
PORTLAND, ORE.
NEW GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY ART, Nov. 6-30: L. Bunce
PRINCETON, N. J.
MUSEUM, Nov. 9-Dec. 11: Northern Renaissance Prints
RALEIGH, N. C.
MUSEUM OF ART, from Nov. 30: The Krass Collection; to Dec. 4: Tobacco and Smoking in Art
RECKLINGHAUSEN, GERMANY
STÄDTISCHE KUNSTHALLE, Nov. 3-Jan. 15: Synagoga—Jewish Religious Art
RIO PIEDRAS, PUERTO RICO
UNIVERSITY OF PUERTO RICO, Nov. 1-27:

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS (533 W. 155), Nov. 18-Dec. 4: Pictures Eligible for Purchase on the Hassam Fund BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), Oct. 18-Jan. 9: Egyptian Sculpture of the Late Period; Dec. 12-Jan. 2: Jacob Lawrence; Nov. 10-Dec. 31: Mexican Market
CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53), Sept. 3-Dec. 4: International Silver Competition COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), Nov. 21-Dec. 10: New York Guild of Handweavers GUGGENHEIM (1071 5th at 88), through Feb. 1958: Guggenheim International Award METRO (1071 5th at 82), Oct. 15-Jan. 15: The Arts of Design MODERN ART (11 W. 53), to Nov. 27: Visionary Architecture; Oct. 12-Jan. 2: 100 Modern Drawings from the Museum Collection; Oct. 24-Nov. 13: J. Stella, drawings MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK (5th St. 100), from Nov. 1: Rene Bouche NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN (1083 6th), Nov. 3-20: Allied Artists of America 6th Annual N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY (5th at 42), Oct. 19-Nov. 15: Goya to Monet PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), Nov. 23-Feb. 5: The Raymond Wielgus Collection PERSPECTIVE (310 Riverside Dr.), to Nov. 27: Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors 20th Anniversary; Dec. 4-22: Japan Women's Artists Association and National Association of Women Artists of U.S. STATEN ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS & SCIENCES (75 Stuyvesant Pl.), Nov. 20-Dec. 3: Craftsman of the New York Area WHITNEY (22 W. 54), Nov. 8-Dec. 4: Contemporary Acquisitions; Dec. 7-Jan. 22: Contemporary American Sculpture Annual Galleries: A. C. A. (63 E. 57), Nov. 7-26: Group OAK-HABITAT (24 St. Marks Pl.), Nov. 1-Dec. 15: T. Rupp, J. McGraw, Edgar REGIS (70 E. 12), Nov. 4-Dec. 1: S. B. Kroll; Dec. 2-Jan. 6: Group

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